National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 49. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867. WHOLE NO. 1401.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

SLAVERY AND SLAVE LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

NO. III.

THE SLAVE MART.

[1824].—Spix and Martius describe the slave mart. They state that the greater part of the negroes who were then brought to Rio de Janeiro came from Cabinder and Benguela. On their arrival they were quartered in houses hired for the purpose in Vallongo street, near the sea. There may be seen children from six years of age upward and adults of both sexes, of all ages. A mulatto or old negro, who has acquired experience in long service, has the superintendence of the food and other necessaries for the new comers. The chief article of subsistence is mandiocca or maize flour (fuba), boiled in water (mingua) and, more rarely, salt meats from Rio Grande de Sul. The preparation of this simple food, which they eat out of hollow gourds, or dishes made of the calabash, is left as much as possible with themselves. Negroes and negresses, who conduct themselves well, are rewarded with snuff and tobacco. They pass the nights on straw mats, with blankets to cover them. Whoever wants to buy slaves repairs to the Vallongo to make his choice, where every inspector draws up the slaves, quite naked, for his examination. The purchaser endeavors to convince himself of the bodily strength and health of the negroes, partly by feeling their bodies, and partly by causing them to execute rapid motions, particularly by striking out their arm with the fist doubled. What is most apprehended in these purchases are hidden corporal defects, and especially the very frequent disposition to blindness. When the choice is made, the purchase money is fixed, which, for a healthy negro, ranges from 350 to 500 florins, the seller generally making himself answerable for any corporal defects that may be discovered within a fortnight. The new proprietor is now absolute master of the labor of his slave and of the produce of it. But if, the author says, he is guilty of inhuman treatment of him, he is liable, as for other offences, to be punished by the police or the tribunals. The latter take care, by means expressly adopted for the purpose, to restore runaway slaves to their right owners, and punish the fugitives if they renew the attempt by putting an iron ring round their necks. If the master will not punish his slaves himself, it is done, after payment of a certain sum, by the police in the calabouza.

[1824].—Maria Graham published a "Journal of a Voyage to Brazil and Residence There." In her account of landing, she says that her friend and herself had not gone fifty paces into Recife when they were absolutely sickened by the sight of a slave market. It was thinly stocked, owing to transient causes; yet about fifty young creatures, boys and girls, with all the apperance of disease and famine consequent upon scanty food and long confinement in unwholesome places, were sitting and lying about among the filthiest animals in the street.

Two mornings after, looking from the balcony of her house, she saw a white woman beating a young negress and twisting her arms cruelly, while the poor creature screamed in agony, until some English gentlemen interfered. Near her house there were two or three depots of slaves, all young. In one she saw an infant of about two years old for sale. Provisions were at that time so scarce that no bit of animal food ever seasoned the paste of mandioc flour which is the sustenance of slaves, and even of this these poor children, by their projecting bones and hollow cheeks, show that they seldom get a sufficiency. Money, at that time, in consequence of local troubles, was so scarce that a purchaser was not easily found, and thereby a new pang was added to their condition of slavery, the unavailing wish of finding a master.

WHITES AND BLACKS AS WORKMEN.

The author was told by an old planter that the creole negroes and mulattoes were far superior in industry to the white Portuguese and Brazilians, who were, for the most part, indolent and ignorant. The negroes and mulattoes, he said, had strong motives to exertion of every kind, and succeed in what they undertake accordingly. They are the best artificers and artists. The orchestra of the opera-house is composed of at least one-third of mulattoes. All decorative paintings, carving and inlaying is done by them. In short, they excel in all ingenius mechanical arts.

LEGREE PLAYING LINCOLN.

Mrs. Graham saw instances of negroes being freed by their owners; but they were too old for labor, and were turned out to starve. She mentions an aged couple who, when no longer valuable on their master's estate, were liberated and permitted to draw rations; but their pride of independence caused them to refuse it, and they supported themselves by making baskets and fowling.

TWO WAYS OF BLESSING SLAVES.

She witnessed a ceremony or custom somewhat akin to that described by Stewart.

"After breakfast," she writes, "I attended the weekly muster of all the negroes of the fazenda; clean shirts and trowsers were given the men, and shifts and skirts to the women, of very coarse white cotton. Each, as she or he came in, kissed a hand, and then bowed to Mr. P., saying either 'Father, give me blessing,' or 'The names of Jesus and Mary be praised,' and were answered accordingly, either 'Bless you,' or 'Be they praised.' This is the custom of old establishments; it is repeated morning and evening, and seems to acknowledge a kind of relationship between master and slave."

The practical manner in which this patriarchal owner blessed his slaves peeps out in the course of Mrs. Graham's subsequent narrative:

"In the afternoon I attended Mr. P. to see the negroes receive their daily allowance of food. It consisted of farina, kidney beans and dried beef—a fixed measure of each to every person. One man asked for two portions, on account of the absence of his neighbor, whose wife had desired it might be sent to her to make ready for him by the time he returned. Some inquiries which Mr. P. made about this person induced me to ask his history. It seems he is a mulatto boatman, the most trusty person on the estate, and rich, because he is industrious enough to have earned a good deal of private property, beside doing his duty to his master. In his youth—and he is not now old—he had become attached to a creole negress, born, like him, on the estate; but he did not marry her until he had earned money enough to purchase her, in order that her children, if they had any, might be born free. Since that time he has become rich enough to purchase himself, even at the high price which such a slave might fetch; *but his master will not sell him his freedom, his services being too valuable to lose*, notwithstanding his promise to remain on the estate and work. Unfortunately, they have no children; and, therefore, on their death their property, now considerable, will revert to the master. Had they children, as the woman is free, they might inherit the mother's property."

According to this authoress, moonlight dances are favorite amusements of the Brazilian negroes. Their instruments of music are rude contrivances of hollow gourds and a single brass wire—drums—simple guitars and the like; yet they have not an unpleasing effect.

KIND AND THOUGHTFUL MASTERS.

In her account of her second voyage to Brazil and residence there, Mrs. Graham, in describing a great plantation, has a paragraph which seems to have been clipped from Anti-Slavery Notes of the South:

"The owners of estates prefer having either free blacks or negroes let out by their masters to send into the woods, on account of the numerous accidents that happen in felling the trees, particularly in steep situations. The death of an estate negro is the loss of his value; of a hired negro only that of a small fine; and of a free black it is often the saving even of his wages, if he has no son to claim them."

We have seen it stated in a recent Southern letter that the poor whites were sometimes engaged by slaveholders to do dangerous work rather than risk their own negroes!

NEGROES AS FREE LABORERS.

Mr. Graham found that the little patches of ground given to the negroes *to work for themselves exclusively, bore twice as much* as the land of their masters, on which they spent far more time. This is another proof of the superiority of free over slave labor.

WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?

In speaking of the Foundling Hospital at Rio de Janeiro, he says that within a little more than nine years 10,000 children had been received, "these were placed out at nurse, and many were never accounted for. Not, perhaps, that they all died—*but the temptation of retaining a mulatto child as a slave*, and, most likely, secure care of its life." Until a recent date they had died in a proportion frightful, as compared to their numbers. This was the statement of the Emperor. Mr. Christie accounts for it as we shall see and as Mrs. Graham hints in the words we have italicised.

BURIAL OF SLAVES.

Mr. Daniel P. Kidder, an American Missionary, in 1845, published two volumes of "Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil," and yet, from title-pages to the appendix, there is no distinct allowance to the existence of slavery in either of them! The slave trade is incidentally alluded to, but never slavery, except by inference, in a description of funeral ceremonies, where he tells how the slaves are buried.

"How different," he says, "from the funeral ceremony with its boasted sumptuousness and magnificence is that of the poor slave. Neither torches nor coffin are borne in his lonely procession. His body is placed in a hammock, the ends of which are fastened to a long pole, which is carried on the shoulders of two of his comrades. These may be seen early in the morning marching slowly, one after the other, towards the Misericordia. The cemetery connected with that institution consists of a small piece of ground, surrounded by a high wall, on which the figure of a death's head is emblazoned in different places.

"Within this enclosure, a hole is daily dug, in the form of a pit, seven feet square. In this are placed promiscuously the bodies of those who die in the hospital overnight, and of the slaves and poor persons who are brought here to receive gratuitous interment. Thus, in the space of a year, the whole surface is dug over, and in successive years the same process continues to be repeated. In connection with this subject, I will allude to another species of funeral, which illustrates the continuance of heathen customs among the Africans in Brazil. Great numbers of slaves are brought together at the Emperor's country-seat, where they are permitted to follow the customs they prefer.

"Soon after removing to Eugenho Velhi, our attention was called from the rear of the house, one Sabbath day, by loud and protracted cries in the street. On looking out of the window, a negro was seen bearing on his head a wooden tray, on which was the corpse of a child, covered with a white cloth, decorated with flowers, a bunch of them being fastened to its hand. Behind him, in a promiscuous throng, were about twenty negresses and a number of children, adorned most of them with flaunting stripes of red, white and yellow. They were all chanting some Ethiopian dirge, to which they kept time by a slow trot; the bearer of the deceased child pausing, once in one or two rods, and whirling round on his toes like a dancer.

"Among the foremost, the mother was distinguished by her excessive gesticulation, although it could hardly be determined by her action whether emotions of grief or joy were predominant. Thus they passed on to the church-yard, where the corpse was delivered up to the vigario and his sexton. The procession then returned, chanting and dancing, if possible, more wildly than when they came."

Thus, Mr. Kidder has done what Shakspeare failed to do; he has told us how the Brazilian Hamlet is buried, although he left him out of the play.

A SOUTH-SIDE WITNESS.

(1646.)—The travels in the interior of Brazil by George Gardner, F.L.S., is a book often quoted. He paints slavery in rose colors. The accounts that he heard *when he landed, tended to confirm his early impressions that the condition of the Brazilian slave was the most wretched that could be conceived.* But a few years' residence very materialy altered those impressions. His experience among the slaveholders was very great he affirms; and but very few wanton acts of cruelty came under his notice. Intoxication is seldom observed among the black population. In the large towns the necessity for punishment is of *frequent occurrence.* The master has it in his own power to chastise his slave *at his own discretion.* Some, however, prefer sending the culprit to the Calabouza, where, on the payment of a small sum, punishment is given by the police. It is only for very serious crimes that the slave is given up entirely to the public tribunals, as then his services are lost to the owner, *either altogether, or at least for a long period.*

On most of the plantations the slaves are well attended to, and appear to be very happy. Mr. Gardener conversed with slaves in all parts of the country, and met very few who expressed any regret at having been taken from their own country, or a desire to return to it. He sometimes resided for short periods on plantations which had from 300 to 400 slaves, but would never have known from his own observation that they were bondmen. He saw a set of contented and well-conditioned laborers turning out from their little huts often surrounded by a small garden, and proceeding to their respective daily occupations, from which they returned in the evening, but not broken and bent down with the severity of their tasks. The condition of the domestic slave is perhaps even better than that of the others; his labor is but light, and he is certainly better fed and clothed. Almost universally, he found the Brazilian ladies kind both to their male and female domestic slaves.

Still, the author admits that, owing to the nature and position of the negro, there were frequent necessities for the punishment of evil-disposed ones, and that *a general rise of the black population is much dreaded in Brazil, and would have happened long ago but for the hostile prejudices existing among the different races of Africans.* The mulattoes and other mixed bloods desire a republican form of government. It is to be remarked, he says, that the worst of criminals spring from this class, who inherit in some degree the superior intellect of the white, while they retain much of the cunning and ferocity of the black. They are mostly free, and bear no good will toward the whites, who form the smaller part of the population.

The character and capacity of the negroes introduced into Brazil vary very much in the different nations that they represent. Those from the Northern parts are by far the finest races. The slaves of Bahia are more difficult to manage than those of any other part of Brazil, and more frequent attempts at revolt have taken place there than elsewhere. The cause of this is obvious. Nearly the whole of the slave population of that place is from the Gold coast. Both the men and the women are not only taller and more handsomely formed than those from Mozambique, Benguela, and the other parts of Africa, but have a much greater share of mental energy, arising, perhaps, from their near relationship to the Moor, and Arab. Among them there are many who both read and write Arabic. They are more united among themselves than the other nations, and hence are less liable to have their secrets divulged when they aim at a revolt.

RECONSTRUCTION MEETING IN SAVANNAH.

From the New York Tribune.

SAVANNAH, Ga., April 2, 1867.

The Reconstruction meeting yesterday was one of the largest ever held in this State. Seven thousand persons were present, white and black, and the enthusiasm was extreme. Ex-Gov. James Johnson was President, and among others on the stage were United States District-Attorney Fitch, A. L. Harris, and Dr. Falligant, who was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. The following were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Congress by the passage of the Military bill and the bill supplementary thereto, has clearly indicated the course to be taken by the people in the Southern States in order that they may be restored to their equal rights in the government of our fathers: Therefore,

"1. Resolved, That we recognize Congress as the supreme legislative power of the nation, and that the laws passed to effect our restoration we will observe and maintain.

"2. Resolved, That we recognize the progress of ideas on the enfranchisement of the colored race, and that with mutual forbearance we will stand shoulder to shoulder in reorganizing our State government, and in maintaining the national unity of the United States 'one and inseparable.'

"3. Resolved, That the education of the whole people is of the highest importance to the prosperity and perpetuity of a free Republican government, and that we will henceforth earnestly labor for the education of every citizen in our State.

"4. Resolved, That we respectfully and earnestly request the Military Commander of the Third District, Major-Gen. John Pope, to order a registration and election at the earliest practicable moment for a Convention to reorganize the State of Georgia in accordance with the plan of Congress.

"5. Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded by the Secretary to his Excellency the President of the United States, and to Major-Gen. John Pope."

Col. Fitch, who made the *white* speech of the day, gave the colored people a great deal of advice, which, if James Simms expressed their opinions, they are not ready to accept. He said: "They would acknowledge that the white race were their emancipators, and themselves the emancipated, that it is easier for a people to lose their freedom than to gain it. Politics is not the study of a day, but of years of toil and weariness, heart-sickness and a perfect knowledge of human nature. Take your politics from your homesteads and firesides; learn to suspect those whites who tell you that you are their equals; your common sense will do this. Politicians have been the bane of all people, and they will be your bane if you fail to act wisely and well in your new relations to the race which always has and always will be the predominant race in the world we live in. To fit you for the exercise of political rights you must be politically educated."

The gentlemen who stand on their dignity, and counsel masterly inactivity, feel that there is still hope for them. They find that yesterday developed two things very unexpectedly to them: First, that there are as good political managers among the Union men as they can possibly have, and, then, that the leading colored men, who will control nine-tenths of the colored votes, will give them no support whatever. James Simms, a colored man, in an able speech, said that slavery was tyranny, and that they knew nothing of his race. Under the old system the negroes were compelled to use dissimulation toward their masters, and that now, for the first time, he could tell them the truth. Col. Fitch had said that they must remember the whites were the emancipators, and they were the emancipated. He wished the white people generally to understand that he was under no obligation to any man for the freedom of himself and his race; the great course of natural laws and the force of circumstances were directed by God to emancipation. He acknowledged the services of such men as Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips, and was thankful that God put it into their hearts to labor for liberty and equal rights. We read in the *Tribune* the other day, an article about how the negro would vote. He would tell them. They would vote only for tried and true Union men. So help him God, he would never support any one but loyal men for office. Colored men were not fools; they knew enough to fight right, and they would vote right. They would vote as they fought—for the party which had always advocated the great principles of liberty and justice, and the cause of their country. He wished the white people to understand distinctly that they would not elect a rebel Mayor, or have any more brutal policemen. The offices should be filled by both white and colored men, who were capable of serving with honor. He would have white and colored aldermen, and white and colored policemen, and the sooner people knew it the better. This was the first time he had ever addressed an assemblage of any considerable number of white men South, and he was no politician. He had children at school in Massachusetts, and expected to see some of them in Congress some day. He had, however, expected, and longed for this day to come for twenty years, and some people might be surprised to see white and colored men working shoulder to shoulder in the political field—he was not. It was a glorious day for his people, and he thanked God that white and black men had at last met under the old flag they loved so well, to march to Union and to victory. It is impossible to describe the intense enthusiasm exhibited by the speaker and the proud look of triumph with which he alluded to the great change within a few years—to the difference between Thomas Simms—his brother, the great fugitive, brought from Boston, and dragged through the streets of Savannah to jail—and him, James Simms, introduced by a Southern gentleman and a Governor to address a political gathering. The crowd caught his enthusiasm, and, though they had been before rather slow to respond to some speeches, they applauded him to the echo. Simms will undoubtedly be elected one of the City Council, or go to the Georgia Legislature next Summer, unless one or two prominent colored men get a little jealous, and combine to defeat him, as this county is supposed to have more colored men than white voters. His speech was acknowledged to be the speech of the day. His clear, musical voice, distinct enunciation, and elegant and beautiful style of delivery, impressed every one, and greatly astonished those who had never heard him speak before. He was followed by T. G. Campbell, a colored man, and an excellent speaker.

We began the work rightly in Savannah. Eight or ten colored men, and twenty white men on the platform represented very fairly the ideas of both classes. A few of the white speakers were cautious from policy, but not so with the colored men; they spoke boldly and freely.

PRESS.

HOW IT MIGHT BE DONE.

The New York *Express* says:

"The exercise of the elective franchise was practically illustrated in the election of officers for the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, on Tuesday. A poll was opened for the female stockholders, who to the number of 156 cast their votes. Both sexes voted together, and the proceedings were conducted with the utmost propriety, no confusion or disorder, as too often is the case, where men vote alone. The ladies walked up and deposited their ballots with as much *sang froid* as if they were accustomed to the privilege. As illustrating how the thing *might be done*, this voting at the library election should be noted."

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

In an article on the Connecticut election, the Chicago *Republican* says:

"Yet we will not attempt to disguise the fact that the election of a copperhead State ticket in a State which has regularly gone Republican for the last twelve years, even though by small majorities, is matter of serious chagrin, if not of disappointment. We hope that our Republican friends there (among whom there are many of the truest and the noblest), some of whom have assisted to fritter away their opportunities by a timid, conservative policy, look upon the matter in this light. We have no doubt that every Connecticut Republican arose yesterday morning a determined and uncompromising advocate of colored suffrage, and that they will not rest until they have placed the ballot in the hands of every colored man in the State as an offset to the Seymours, Touceys, Eatons, and their copperhead associates. In this respect, their disaster may prove a "blessing in disguise," humiliating as it is to Republicans elsewhere.

"There has been less difference between Republicans and their opponents in Congress than in any other State. While the former have temporized and clung to conservatism, the latter have attempted to climb upon the Republican platform, English, the Democratic candidate for Governor, having voted for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, while in Congress."

THE ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT.

The Chicago *Journal* says:

"The defeat of Hawley is a disgrace to the State. So, too, is the sending of a Congressional delegation, three-fourths copperhead. The State has never done so discreditable a thing since the days of witchcraft and the Blue Laws. It is not, however, the worst thing that might befall the Republicans of the Nutmeg State. They have always been the most timid and conservative in the nation. The political record of the last fifteen years will show that the line of distinction between the two great parties in the nation were always less sharply defined in Connecticut than in any other State. The consequence has been that every contest was close. Republican victories have been numerous, but never complete. If our friends in that State will now learn the lesson of their present humiliation, it will be better to them and to the nation than victory. Henceforth we shall have, we trust, no compromising with the enemy. Taking a bold stand upon the side of justice and progress is not only the most honorable but the most politic course."

BLACK STOCK.

The *North Missouri Courier* makes the following pertinent comment on the present attitude of the Hampton's, Orr's, and others, towards the negro:

"In the political market, South, the negro is really commanding high bids from politicians. Where once it was the fashion to knock a negro down, if he presumed to walk upon the side-walk where his master haughtily trod, we find that the once autocrat of the plantation, now takes off *his* hat to the former chattel, preparatory to coaxing him for his vote.

"But these ancient white rebels are playing a deep game. They intend to throw political sugar-plums to the negroes and thereby try to ride into political power on their votes, walk into Congress and there secure recognition; and then having obtained this, their States, as States, will pass laws covering disabilities to be attributed to the negro to furnish an excuse for depriving him of suffrage.

"The Southern States once back into the Union, can snap their fingers at Congress, so far as disfranchisement of the negro is concerned, and Congress must grin and bear it, and the loyal people of the North must submit."

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* is reinforced in its editorial department by Thurlow Weed. In entering again upon editorial labors Mr. Weed writes a lengthy introductory in the course of which he speaks of negro suffrage as follows:

"But the inevitable must be accepted. 'Kicking against the pricks' will be found as unavailing now as in other days. Concessions, when extorted, ever come too late. What might have appeased the popular requirement yesterday is found insufficient to-day. At the commencement of the war the rightfulness of accepting contrabands was debated, while the idea of putting arms into their hands was scouted. Indeed, it was more than a year before we were up to the mark in organizing regiments of free colored troops; but before the war was ended we were ready enough to arm all, whether contraband or free. So, too, in relation to colored suffrage. Mr. Lincoln was in favor of intelligent negro suffrage. Other enlightened men adopted that view. But it was rejected; and we must now be prepared to take negro suffrage in the mass, ignorant and stolid. And, if the congressionally emasculated States possess temper and tact enough to organize under the military law, the Radicals may find themselves 'hoisted by their own petard,' for while the few intelligent freedmen could be relied upon, the ignorant and stolid masses would be controlled, as the 'white trash' of the South has ever been, by superior wills. Nor would this be the first instance where cunning has outwitted, and ambition overleaped itself. Hamans have often dangled from their gallows frames.

"Although never an advocate for Universal, I have ever been in favor of Equal Suffrage. To reject the vote of a decent intelligent citizen, because his complexion is one, or two, or three, or even four shades darker than my own, is an injustice alike to the individuals and to the country. I would much prefer to stand at the polls with intelligent, upright colored electors, than with brutish, purchasable white ones. I have, therefore, written in favor of, and voted for regulated negro suffrage as often as opportunities were presented. And while prepared to go as far as the furthermost in securing to the colored race, here and elsewhere, all the rights and privileges essential to their prosperity and happiness, I am inflexibly opposed to the political demagogues and fanatics who seek to violate divine laws by mixing and demoralizing races and natures.

"The late James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, whose views on all questions of government were alike enlarged and practical, insisted that unless suffrage and education went hand-in-hand, our republican form of government would prove a failure—intelligence being the only basis on which self-government could rest. Hence he devoted his best energies, and a liberal share of his large fortune, to schools, academies and school libraries. He regarded universal suffrage, without an intelligence as universal, liable to two dangers, alike fatal to republican institutions. These dangers were, first, that ignorant and besotted majorities would elect representatives of their own class and type, who would be incapable of carrying on the government; or, second, that the masses would become subservient to wealthy and aristocratic aspirants, whose sympathies and ambitions would not be content with the equality and simplicity of Republicanism. Experience, however, is proving but too convincingly, that education, inestimably valuable, is not always allied to virtue or patriotism. The ignorant are not all bad, nor are the educated all good. The problem of self-government is, therefore, working itself out under difficulties."

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Maine *State Press* says, in commenting upon the election in Connecticut:

"But there is another and a darker side to this matter. The Constitution of Connecticut makes an odious discrimination on account of color, and because a man happens by the accident of birth, to have a dark skin, he is not allowed to be a citizen with a citizen's rights. The colored men are barred from the polls. A year and a half ago the proposition to abolish this odious distinction by striking the word "white" from the Constitution, was submitted to the people, and the Republicans, with a majority of upwards of 11,000 at the preceding Presidential election, shamefully defeated the proposition, and thus perpetuated the distinction based on color. The next time they went to the polls they found their majority cut down to less than five and a half hundred! Since then the Representatives of that State in Congress have voted to force upon the South what they refused to accept themselves—impartial manhood suffrage, and with this record of the past open to be seen and read of all men, they have gone to the polls and—been beaten! A just and righteous retribution. They sowed the wind—they have reaped the whirlwind.

"In the State of Connecticut, in 1860, there was a colored population of 8,627. The fortunes of the war and the pressure at the South since that date, have doubtless increased this population, so that the colored men of the State who would have been voters on Monday last, but for the odious provision which Republicans have allowed to be perpetuated, may be safely estimated at 2,000, nine-tenths of whom, it is safe to say, would cheerfully have gone to the polls and voted the Republican ticket, thus keeping the star of equal rights and political progress in the ascendant in that State.

"We have but few words to add. Fortunately the loss of Connecticut will not cripple the Republican majority in Congress. Three Congressmen and a Governor can be spared. The Republican party can better afford to lose them than to lose the election. This election and its preceding history teach that *justice is the only reliable condition precedent of success.* The State or the party that acts unjustly cannot, *should not* expect victory. Defeat is the just return for such conduct as the Republicans of Connecticut have been guilty of. While a regiment of colored troops from that State were still in the field, undischarged from the dangerous work in which they had enlisted, the white Republicans at home were voting to perpetuate their exclusion from the ballot-box! *They have received their reward.*"

MISSISSIPPI BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The *Herald* says:

"Reduced to plain English, Messrs. Sharkey and Walker's argument amounts to this: that the war against the Union by Mississippi and her confederate States, under a foreign government for four long years, involving the sacrifice of three hundred and fifty thousand Union soldiers and sailors to disarm this hostile coalition, was only 'a temporary disorganization,' or nothing more, constitutionally considered, than an election riot; that the insurgent league of States in being disarmed were restored to 'the Constitution as it was' and to their rights as they were before the war, and that since the surrender of their rebel armies, the acts of every Congress from which said States have been excluded are unconstitutional, null and void; that, in short, under the Constitution, two States or ten States, or more, may, under a foreign government, fight to destroy the Union for four years or twenty years, and on finding that the Union is too strong for them, they may fall back upon their constitutional rights and return to the Union just as if nothing had happened and with nothing to pay.

"This is substantially the argument of W. L. Sharkey and R. J. Walker, in behalf of an injunction from the Supreme Court restraining the President and his subordinate officers from the execution of these Southern reconstruction laws of Congress. They ask that the Supreme Court shall declare these laws unconstitutional, and therefore void: that the XXXIXth Congress was, and that the XLth is, an illegal body; that all the acts of these two Congresses at least must be considered spurious, the late rebel States being excluded from any voice therein; that the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery is a nullity; that each State, therefore, is still free to re-establish slavery, and that as none of the excluded States had any voice in the question of the war debt of the Union, they are under no obligations to assist in paying it; that what they did under President Johnson's policy of reconstruction they did voluntarily, but that, recognizing no Constitutional Amendment on the subject of the war debt, they are not bound, even by their promises to Mr. Johnson, inasmuch as both President and Congress are subject to State sovereignty.

* * * *

"The presumption is that the application will be denied by the Court on the ground of no jurisdiction. We cannot imagine how any other decision can be reached. The petition, therefore, may result in a great service to the South and the whole country in setting this question of reconstruction beyond any further legal quibbles and obstruction; and this, perhaps, may be the real object of the petitioners. The arguments of the opposing counsel, the opinions of the differing Judges, and the ruling opinion, which will probably be delivered by Chief-Justice Chase, will, at all events, from the gravity of the subject, be waited for with the deepest interest by all parties throughout the length and breadth of the land."

HOW WILL THE NEGROES VOTE?

The Savannah *Republican*, after showing why certain Southern papers are accepting negro suffrage, and are in favor of preparing the negro to "vote understandingly," in order to defeat the organization of a Southern Republican party, says:

"We confess that the great Republican party of the North do desire and intend to strengthen and build up a formidable Southern Republican party, and they naturally look to loyal men as the nucleus of this organization. For our part we entertain no fears of the colored men voting this bastard ticket labelled democracy, and stained with the blood of loyal men. The copperhead banner is tarnished with treason, and no sudden gliding of its gloomy fringes can blot out the black recollections."

THE SUPREME COURT DODGE.

The *Tribune's* Washington Correspondent says:

"It is rumored here in prominent Republican circles that the whole movement is merely a dodge on the part of Johnson and his supporters to create public sentiment in their favor. Messrs. Sharkey, Walker, and Parsons are looked upon as sound Johnson men, and are considered as not inferior to either Mr. Stansberry or Mr. Reverdy Johnson as lawyers, especially in a case so simple as the one they pretend to believe in. As Stansberry said to-day, when before the Court, he intended opposing the matter with all the means in his power, it is considered as certain that the Court will decide against Messrs. Sharkey and Walker, and that Mr. Johnson's friends will make a big flourish and a great hurrah over the President's sacrifices to his country, in carrying out the laws which he opposed when being made, and which he still believes to be unconstitutional and wrong. He will be trumpeted as a model martyr for the sake of peace and union against radical fanaticism and disunion, and thus a second point to the Connecticut election will be made in favor of the Johnson Presidential party of 1868."

THE LAST RESORT OF REBELDOM—APPEAL TO THE SUPREME COURT.

The *Times* says:

"The injunction filed in the Supreme Court in behalf of the State of Mississippi affords the strongest evidence of the leniency—the rare forbearance and magnanimity—with which the States recently in rebellion have been treated by the National government. It were impossible, we believe, to find an instance in history in which the promoters of an organized rebellion, having appealed to the sword and suffered decisive defeat, have subsequently been permitted to arraign the authority of the conqueror, and plead with all the forms of law for the very issues which they had striven to uphold on the battle-field. Yet this is the spectacle now being enacted before the highest judicial tribunal of the United States. Having failed to overcome the power put forth by the Federal government in support of the Union—having tried ineffectually by the force of arms to assert the sovereignty of the Southern States, in the secessionist sense of the term—having denied the title of the Federal government to coerce rebel States into submission, only yielding when further denial had become impossible—they propose now to transfer the struggle to the Courts, and to attain their ends by bringing the artillery of the Federal Judiciary to bear upon Congress. The effrontery of the spectacle is as notable as its novelty. In any other country the parties to these proceedings would have figured before the law in a totally different character. They would, long ere now, have been required to answer for their lives as rebels awaiting punishment. Here, there has been no punishment. The chief executive of the rebellion has indeed been held in confinement, but there is no more likelihood of his being punished than of his being canonized as saint and martyr; while the associate managers of the great conspiracy have been permitted to return in quiet to their homes, to resume, in most cases, possession of their property, and to participate in political discussion as unreservedly as though nothing unusual had happened. And now, by way of climax, some of these men actually enter the Supreme Court as contestants of the law-making power, and complainants in a case made up to defeat by legal quirks and quibbles the right of the people who put down the rebellion to insure the substantial products of their victory. However the case shall end, the facts we have recited form a conclusive answer to the general charge of cruelty and oppression which unrepentant rebels never tire of repeating.

THE NEGRO VOTE.

The *World* says:

"If the Radicals had that friendship for the negroes which they falsely pretend, if they sought their welfare instead of merely their votes, they would perceive that no greater calamity could befall the Southern negroes than their consolidation into one political party in opposition to the white inhabitants. The only way to ward off a dangerous hostility between the two races, is by creating an identity of interest and feeling. We have the fullest faith, which we find confirmed by the judgment of intelligent Southerners, that the negro vote can be, in a great measure, controlled by those having the greatest stake in Southern prosperity. With the majority of the negroes voting with a majority of the whites, all danger of a conflict between the two races would be removed. Every motive of philanthropy, as well as of patriotism, should incite our Southern fellow-citizens to court and control the negro vote, with such skill and promptitude as to rescue it from the Radicals. The black stream will long continue to flow in the channel which is first opened for it. Gen. Wade Hampton and other eminent and enlightened Southerners seem fully aware of this; and we should be unwilling to think they will not receive the full co-operation of the Southern Democracy."

APPEAL FROM A BLACK MAN.

To the Legislature of New Jersey:

I am a black man, a resident of New Jersey, in the county of Camden, Newton Township. I have lived there for twenty years and upwards, and have paid and now pay taxes upon property in North, South, and Middle Wards of the city of Camden, as well as in the Fifth and Sixth School Districts.

If I have any "rights which a white man is bound to respect," I scarcely know what they are. The foreigners who constitute a voting majority of the township in which I reside, chiefly control it.

Many of them do not pay a dollar of tax, and are not as familiar with the English language as the writer of this, and yet they are denied no political right whatever.

I have heard it said in public meetings that "taxation without representation is tyranny." But I respectfully ask whether to any one of the 25,000 colored people in New Jersey is granted any right of representation; any right to speak upon the floors of the Senate or General Assembly of New Jersey? It may be answered that the black men have advocates in both Houses. But my sufficient reply to this is that there never has been, and there is not likely to be (unless the Constitution of New Jersey is amended) a majority in either branch of our Legislature who will have the moral courage to grant to the race to which I belong *equality before the law.*

More than this, the black man has never demanded. His rights before the law are among the essential principles which underlie every free government. His social rights are another matter, and are not essential to his security or his comfort.

I have no way, Mr. Editor, of reaching the members of the New Jersey Legislature except through the columns of some friendly newspaper. But I beg you to assist us in agitating this question of giving to those who fought for liberty, those who pay taxes to support the great experiment of self-government in America, without regard to the color of their skin; of giving *to all men* (franchise for women will be the next question to settle), not disfranchised by crime, an *equal chance* in electing to office those who make the laws and create the policies which control national, State, and municipal governments.

I am only one, but I am sure I speak in the name of the 7,000 black voters in New Jersey when I ask that the Legislature will take this session as the most fitting occasion to call a Constitutional Convention, whose duty it shall be to make the Constitution cease to deprive any citizen of that right which in law and in equity belongs alike to every *free man.* I have the honor to be, yours very truly,

D. D. Butler.

Camden N. J., March 18, 1867.

CONNECTICUT.

From the New York Tribune.

With the leading Republican managers of Connecticut the terms "Republican" and "Republican party" seem hitherto never to have had any signification save to describe the tactics and organization of a body of men who were not technically "Democrats." "Republicanism" was simply opposition to Democracy. There was no idea embodied in the term—no principle enthroned in the organization of the party. All through the war, when Republicanism meant nationality, freedom, and the elevation of a race, the Republican party of Connecticut seemed grovelling in the ruts and amid the husks of a miserable party existence without conception of great opportunities and without ambition to improve them. The Legislature of 1864, quickened slightly by the popular virtue outside of the State, offered a Constitutional Amendment yielding suffrage to the colored men of the State, some two thousand in number. Upon this, the Republican State Committee issued an address favoring its adoption. This it had to do for appearance's sake; but with this, nothing more was done. They did not desire their advice should be followed. Struck with surprise at this short-sightedness and contempt for the black men, earnest Republicans elsewhere urged a vigorous canvass of the Amendment, one of our own Senators offering to organize a campaign, secure speakers, and see the whole expense of the contest paid by individuals elsewhere if the Republican Committee could not bear the burden. The offer was declined. Not a meeting was held, nor a speech made, nor a dollar

expended, to secure the two thousand voters tendered to these leaders; and of course the Amendment was defeated by six thousand majority.

Any hope of winning an election with such leaders in a seriously-contested campaign should have been dismissed. Nobody had any faith in them. They represented no principle—how could they enkindle any enthusiasm? The workingmen of the country naturally belong to the Republican party. It is the one which believes in labor, and all that elevates and ennobles toil. Properly informed, they would as soon desert wife and children as a party that they believed honestly meant to stand by their interests; yet an old-school Abolitionist goes from Massachusetts, exposes the shams of the Connecticut leaders, and carries hundreds of these workingmen over into the fold of the Democracy. This man had lost all faith in the sincerity of the Republican managers. Does any one believe he would have had such success among the workingmen of his own State?

We sincerely regret that so noble-hearted and gallant a man as Gov. Hawley should be defeated, and that but one of the four Congressmen should increase the Republican majority in the House; but the result, mortifying though it may be to the rest of the country, may be salutary. Defeat is the occasion to repair mistakes. The Republican party cannot hold power in this country unless it goes forward. If it has not courage and principle, it will inevitably fail. The mass of the people want something more creditable than a scramble for the spoils to stir their energies and win their support. If the Republican party will not give this, it will be beaten in State after State, and the popular judgment will be,—With transcendent opportunity for greatness, it had no conception of duty, and it died, as it should.

If not too much nettled by their disaster, just now, to our political friends in Connecticut we offer the following practical advice: Begin *now* the next campaign by circulating documents to every voter; organize thoroughly, with a record of one or more reliable men in every town; send speakers next Fall and Winter into every district, pressing into the service every man who can talk; make it a fundamental condition that every speech made and document circulated shall be up to the highest water-mark of the Republicanism of the country. With this policy, Connecticut will have the respect of its neighbors; and, what it will prize more, probably, it will have unquestioned Republican success from year to year.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Thirty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of New York, at STEINWAY HALL (Fourteenth street, a few doors east of Union Square, between Fourth Avenue and Irving Place) on Tuesday, May 7th, at 10½ o'clock a.m. A meeting for public addresses will be held on Tuesday evening. Business meetings will be held on Wednesday, the 8th.

Among those who will address the meetings will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, Rev. JOHN W. CHADWICK, and AARON M. POWELL. ANNA E. DICKINSON, Gen. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and Col. T. W. HIGGINSON are also expected.

The Executive Committee feel that, at no previous hour, has the necessity for consultation and action been more urgent than now. The fate of that race to whose deliverance we have pledged ourselves, hangs for many years to come on the national action of this and the next year. The disposition of Congress—willing to act, but waiting an impulse from the people, the plot of the President and his fellow-rebels to save the Southern oligarchy from its fate; the haste of many men, the business men of the nation especially, to effect some settlement, no matter what, which will open the channels of trade again; the dangerous defects of the scheme for reconstruction proposed by Congress; the imminent peril that, State Rights once conceded, we may find ourselves again involved in an irrepressible conflict between the aristocracy of a "white man's government" and the divine law of equal rights; above all, the defenceless condition of the negro race throughout the South, the horrible barbarities practiced upon it, its blood crying to us from the ground of so many States—all these considerations urge the members and friends of the Society to renewed zeal and greater devotion. Fidelity now may save the nation from another war. Any slackening of effort now, any mistake in counsel, may oblige our children to fight this horrible battle over again. Fidelity now may show the world that these governing masses, tanght by the war, are able to do what no nation has ever yet done, root out and utterly destroy, in one revolution, a great national evil. To relax now, to choose a wrong path, may give one-half the nation over to confusion and anarchy like that which has afflicted Mexico for half a century.

Let the members and friends of the Society gird their armor for a final struggle. Let all who can strengthen us with their presence and counsel, and let those unable to be present send us both their advice and such contributions as they can to aid in making the nation wise and keeping it vigilant in these hours. The patriot graves, marching over which we have reached this vantage ground, and this helpless race still exposed to the storms of their old master's hate, both claim this fidelity of us. The great stride which the nation has made towards a right settlement within the last year, and the marvellous readiness of the masses for thorough measures, encourage us to perseverance. The day dawns. May we be worthy to rejoice in its noon.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, President.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, AARON M. POWELL, } Secretaries.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MUSCATINE, Iowa, April 5, 1867.

DEAR STANDARD: It is of course needless for me to tell you of my interest in your labors; yet I do not know that I have anything else to tell you. Thus far distant from the centre of public affairs, I hardly dare to risk any conjectures before your readers. It seems to us off here that the XLth Congress dares not impeach the President. The patronage of the Executive has been too strong a temptation for Congressional virtue to resist. How gratefully the members pick up every little crumb of comfort that can be got from any slight show of deference to their opinion on the part of Johnson! Again and again have I trembled lest the two parties should fraternize; they yielding nine-tenths and he yielding nothing except gracious phrases. Still, I think we may have great trust in the stolid obstinacy of Johnson. That is a reliance which has never yet failed us, and the stock seems inexhaustible. Were he an ordinary man, simply mulish, I should be tempted to despair. A little compliance with the temper of the people, and a seeming submission to the military law would largely reinstate him in public respect and sympathy. But with his sublime self-conceit, and his entire belief that the North is really with him, I think we may trust him so to astound the public and exasperate Congress that in due time he will either be impeached or wholly crippled in his Executive power. The Kentucky and Tennessee mules are the finest in the world; if any man doubts it, let him watch our history the next five years.

Without counting, therefore, much on the virtue or intelligence of Congress, I look for constant progress in one direction. Lord John Russell's Reform bill of 1831 as a "finality." So some men seem to fancy the Military bill a "finality." It is only a half-way house on the Congressional road from Lincoln to Stevens. The train stops there to wood and water; gets rid of some passengers and a large amount of baggage, to go forward at an increased speed.

All our duty is to press constantly on the nation the absolute need of three things:

1. The exercise of the whole police power of the government to hold the South quiet while the seeds of Republicanism get planted.

2. The Constitutional Amendment, securing universal suffrage in spite of all State legislation.

3. A Constitutional Amendment authorizing Congress to establish common schools in any State destitute of them, at the State's expense.

To these measures we must educate the public mind. These are the soil in which the seeds of good government and equal rights can alone be trusted.

But I think we must direct our care a little farther ahead. Johnson is watched, and will be impeached or crippled. The next important question is, to whom shall the nation give the helm for the next four years? If a Democrat gets it, we shall lose two-thirds of the fruits of the war. If a compromiser has it, we shall lose one-half. With Radicalism at the helm, we may save two-thirds of what we have earned. In that next four years the pressure from business men, for the government to open, in some way and on some conditions, the old channels of business, will be irresistible. The Republican leaders having secured (if they do secure) a party triumph, by keeping the South out of the electoral college of 1868, will give way. The next Administration, therefore, must be expected to settle this question. The bias of that man who occupies the White House then will be of immense importance.

Now the country is drifting into the Presidency of Gen. Grant—a man of whose political ideas (if he has any) no man can tell us anything. The first assertion of his friends is, that he is a safe man, because he has no political ideas, and will be in good hands. Alas! our present incubus was once in good hands! Next time we want a man with brains and a heart of his own, not one who depends on being girded and guided "whither he will not." Astounding madness! Republicans tell us they must nominate Grant, else the Democrats will! In these hours when the nation agonizes for existence, we take a man for our leader so lacking in principle that he will suit either party equally well! Two armies in deadly fight, one deliberately chooses for its leader such a perfect *Swiss* that the other will clutch him if the first does not! Lincoln's fear of Kentucky did us infinite harm. I hope Grant's love for it will not be allowed to do us more. Memphis, New Orleans and Baltimore are enough to show how Grant does his military duty. Do they encourage us to trust him with any civil ones?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A VOLUNTARY colonization of discontented Southern whites has commenced. If there is to be a colonization of any portion of the people of the South, it is eminently proper that it should be the slaveholders instead of their former slaves.

In referring to this matter the *American Baptist* of this week says:

"We learn that numbers of the old planters in various parts of the South are making up their minds to leave the country and seek one more congenial to their sympathies and tastes. Nearly two hundred emigrants from Texas are now in this city on their way to Brazil, and we are told that other companies will soon follow. This is a sensible movement. It is a kind of colonization we heartily approve of. Let those remove who are dissatisfied with the government, not those who have proved themselves its firm friends and supporters. We have often maintained in these columns that banishment was the proper punishment for persistent rebels; the experience of every month strengthens our conviction that before we can have a stable and permanent peace, there must be a large exodus of the disturbing element. If they will go voluntarily all the better; if not, let an example be made of the ringleaders. An enforced exile of Mayor Monroe, and one or two hundred like him, would operate as a charm in giving quiet to the South.

WE have on our shelves, for sale, three copies of the "Life and Letters of Capt. John Brown," edited by R. D. WEBB of Dublin, Ireland. They may be had at one dollar per copy. This book will be a valuable addition to the library of any Abolitionist. To any one who will send us the names of two new subscribers for THE STANDARD ($6), we will send, prepaid, as a premium, one of these books. There are very few copies to be had in this country.

THE Ohio Legislature has finally adopted a proposition to so amend the State Constitution as to extend the ballot to colored men upon equal terms with the whites. It will go to the electors for ratification or rejection. We regret that the proposition to strike out the restrictive word "male" also received little support.

THE Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will occur on the 7th of next month. The importance of the meeting this year is fitly stated in the call in another column. We ttust that our friends at a distance will early make arrangements to be present in large numbers.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will lecture in Brooklyn (probably at Plymouth Church) on Tuesday evening, April 23d.

PERSONAL.

Further advices from the Cape of Good Hope confirm the correctness of the report of the murder of Dr. Livingstone.

Parker Pillsbury, we regret to learn, is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, at Rochester, unable to meet his lecturing engagements, and likely to be disabled from speaking for several weeks.

Ik Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) has taken an office in this city, and proposes, in conjunction with Messrs. Grant and Hunt, not only to furnish plans and advice for country-houses, gardens, lawns, farming, etc., but also to act as confidential agent for the sale or purchase of choice rural places. Cemeteries and parks also come within the scope of the business.

Beverly Nash, the colored man who is accused of being a Copperhead, is having a spicy correspondence with some of his colored opponents in South Carolina. Alexander Williams thus winds up a savage review of Mr. Nash's political wanderings: "In conclusion, I will say, that you have brushed Calhoun's hat, Webster's coat, and Henry Clay's boots."

Hans Christian Anderson says: "I generally found the jovial Alexander Dumas in bed, even long after mid-day. Here he lay with paper, pen and ink, and wrote his new drama. I found him thus one day; he nodded kindly to me and said 'Sit down a minute, I have just now a visit from my muse, she will be going directly.' He wrote on, spoke aloud, shouted a *vivat*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is finished.'"

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his recent lectures, said: "The effect of a new thought upon an idle mind is like that produced on a cube of iron by bringing it into the circuit of a strong magnetic current. From an impassive mass it instantly becomes instinct with life, and adheres to all others that may be near it. A mighty thought comes sailing on silent wings, and fills us with its virtue, and sets up like Atlas, and we uphold the world. But this is only at rare intervals, and in such insecurity of position. Life is like a thunderstorm, where one moment all things, even the most remote, are clear and distinct, and the next we cannot see even the nearest."

Victor Hugo, on sending in his subscription to the fund for a statue to Voltaire, says characteristically: "Voltaire is an *avant coureur*. Flambeau-bearer of the eighteenth century, he precedes, and announces the French Revolution. He was the star of that great morn. To subscribe for his statue is a public duty." *Apropos* of the great French *litterateur*, Mr. Sarcey has been celebrating him in an enthusiastic lecture on his genius, at the *Athenée*, in Paris. The readings illustrating the lecture were given with refinement by Madam Ernst, widow of the celebrated violinist.

Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell were present at the Kansas Equal Rights Convention, Topeka, on the 3d inst. The Convention is reported to have been very largely attended, and of a deeply interesting character. The Topeka *Tribune*, in commenting upon the enthusiasm of the Convention, says:

"A vigorous campaign will at once be organized, and the success of the measure is no longer a matter of any doubt. All those, therefore, who have halted between two opinions on this subject, would do well to define their position, or they will find themselves left out in the cold.

"The lecture of Mrs. Lucy Stone in the evening was chaste in style, sound in logic, and glowing and beautiful in rhetoric, and was listened to by a very large and attentive audience. We doubt if more people were ever contained in the Congregational Church of Topeka."

Madame Ristori will perform during the present month in Milwaukee, Chicago (for the third time) Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Troy and Albany, beginning her farewell performances in New York on the 22d inst. After the completion of that engagement, it is her intention to act several nights in Boston and other New England cities. Some idea of the profits of her New Orleans engagement may be inferred from the fact that in that city the receipts for seventeen nights were $47,500. She appeared there in Myrrha and Angelo, in the Tyrant of Padua; in the latter piece she created an enthusiasm hardly surpassed by her Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. The receipts in Chicago for four nights and a matinee were $20,800; in Cincinnati for four nights $13,000, and in St. Louis for the same number of performances $16,000. She will sail for Europe on the 18th of May.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 7th, 1867.

OUR Fast-day (so called) has passed by, with its usual manner and amount of observance; that is to say, a very small proportion of the people complied with the Governor's request that they would assemble in places of worship, and join in the ceremonial observances customary there—while a great majority of the population agreed with alacrity to his other proposition, that the ordinary pursuits of labor and trade be dispensed with on that day. Thus it came to pass that the young men and boys of the city had healthful athletic games on every available spot of open ground—that the streets were thronged, that pleasant day, by multitudes enjoying its leisure and quiet—that joyous family groups met together in many pleasant homes—and that the places of amusement were crammed to repletion by our suburban population.

Of the two ideas which lay at the foundation of this observance, as established by the Puritan fathers of New England, one seems entirely obsolete, and the other is gradually and quietly passing away. The idea that going without one's dinner is an acceptable service to God, is no longer held by the spiritual descendants of those Puritans, but is confined to two sects, representatives of the two systems predominant in Europe from whose influence our fathers were most earnest to withdraw themselves. The other idea—that a form of public confession of sin is a good thing in itself, whether or not accompanied by abandonment of the sin confessed, or even by the inauguration of measures towards it—this idea seems, from year to year, to find fewer and fewer believers among the people, although the clergy uphold it to the extent of their influence. The result of the matter at present seems to be that Puritanism has unintentionally given us one more holiday, a day of rejoicing and recreation in the Spring, answering to Thanksgiving day in the Fall.

The closing arguments before the Legislative Committee on the question whether Massachusetts shall retain and enforce her present prohibitory liquor law or shall enact a license law instead, were made last week in the Representatives' Hall; on Tuesday by Rev. Dr. Miner, spontaneously advocating prohibition, in the interest of good morals; on Wednesday by Ex-Gov. Andrew, the paid counsel of one of the principal liquor-dealers, demanding a license-law. Both arguments were heard with interest by a large audience, and verbatim reports of both have been scattered in immense numbers by the press, showing a deep public interest in the settlement of the question.

Mr. Miner did good service to the cause of temperance by bringing out the fact—in spite of the remonstrances of the opposing counsel, who naturally wished to suppress testimony so damaging to their clients and their cause—that at a meeting of liquor-dealers, held at the Parker House about a year ago, for the relief of liquor-interests, a committee which had those interests under consideration, reported that the only apparent means of such relief consisted in bringing a pressure upon the Legislature through the agency of respectable members of the community, *not* liquor-dealers. It would not do to let the liquor-dealers appear in the movement as such! If a Faneuil Hall meeting should be attempted, it must not appear to emanate from the liquor-dealers! The question was—what respectable persons could they put forward to urge plausible and disinterested reasons for such a change in the laws as should enable them [the liquor-dealers] legally to make a profit on the appetite for intoxicating drinks existing in the community. This was the liquor-dealers' plan, at the time of the collapse, about a year ago, of that Society for the protection of *their* interests which they had the impudence to call "The Public Safety Association!"

These things being so—the above platform having been laid down for the guidance of a great moneyed interest, claimed by themselves to represent over a hundred million of dollars in Boston—when we find that a pressure *is* brought upon the Legislature at its next session, and that respectable men, men of eminent gravity and prominent distinction, *are* put forward as the proposers of a change in the law, one chief result of which is to be the grant of a monopoly of the sale of spirits to the present chief dealers, adding to their already enormous wealth, and giving to their business such measure of respectability as legislative indulgence *can* give to a bad business—when we see all this, can we help "putting that and that together?" Is there any doubt that the owners of the hundred millions *have* bestirred themselves during the past year, and persuaded their customers to bring their "respectability," reverend and other, to the front, to receive, in *their* stead, the assault of the friends of temperance, and to wield, for the benefit of their trade, the assumptions of disinterestedness, morality and piety? The conclusion is as plain as a pike-staff.

Dr. Miner urged upon the Committee the importance of considering the different classes of character and interest represented on the petitions for a license-law. The ostensible object of these petitions—the object skilfully presented by the counsel as the real one—is to circumscribe, limit, restrict the sale of liquor. Was it likely that the liquor-dealers who signed the same petitions really wished for *that* consummation? that these men—some of whom he could prove to have subscribed largely to a fund for the protection of the liquor-selling interest, only that their counsel barred out this testimony, declaring it calculated to "smut" his case—really desired to limit and restrict their own business? One of these persons had testified that *his* object in favoring a license-law was to get his business made respectable. If he has extended it as far as possible under the infamy of its present character, can he be expected voluntarily to limit it if it *should* become "respectable?"

But I must not take the space necessary to give you even an outline of Dr. Miner's course of argument. His speech, of three-and-a-half hours, was exceedingly able and convincing. He has been accused of undue asperity, and objectionable freedom of expression, both in this closing address, and in his examination of witnesses. I have not happened to hear any instances of this sort, and yet it is very possible that they may have occurred, if Dr. Miner has anything mistlike in his character, for the false representations of the opposing counsel, constantly perverting and misrepresenting the language and meaning of the witnesses, and constantly "manœuvring to provoke a thrust" under the mask of Christian clergymen practicing principles and the example of Jesus Christ in aid of the [illegible] a side of this question to the people of Massachusetts must, it seems to me, have had the same tendency.

Mr. Andrew's closing plea, on the day following, in behalf of the liquor-sellers, must have convinced his clients that he had done for them all that the law could do, with no more limitations on the score of truth, justice or morality, than they are accustomed to admit in their own transactions of business. It was a particularly very discreditable to the Ex-Governor, one that will scarcely add greatly to his fame, and that will probably occasion deep regret to himself in the future.

Our friend Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, is giving, in the *Christian Register* of this city, an account of Prudence Crandall, and her heroic efforts in behalf of education for the colored people in the State of Connecticut, in the early days of anti-slavery. There have been three articles in the *Register* in relation to her, and the series seems not yet to be ended. Mr. May is the best possible person to give this narrative, having been the counsellor and helper of Prudence Crandall through the whole of that period of disgraceful persecution. If the narrative shall be completed within moderate limits, I trust it will be copied in one, or at most in two numbers of THE STANDARD. All the old readers of that paper will be glad to have the incidents of that brave struggle for freedom and right brought afresh to their memory; and the generation that has sprung up since, can find no more instructive reading, none more provocative to a noble life, none more applicable to the duties of the present time, than the warfare of Prudence Crandall with popular prejudice and caste in the Puritan State of Connecticut.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9th, 1867.

IT is a curious eyry, this of Washington, from whence to watch the coming and going of men who believe they rule the nation; ruin would be a better word were it not for the sagacity of the Nation itself, which somehow is always so much wiser collectively than its presumed representatives are individually. They are a shabby set, anyhow. They need removal quite often from this hot-bed of intrigue. The cold blasts from the North are very beneficial. Take for instance the Senate to-day. The chief aim of its members seems to be how best to make the most of their position. It is most notorious that the Senate, representing as is presumed the *creme-de-la-creme* of American public men, is by far more corrupt than the House. The latter is too numerous and its constituent parts change too often to pay for purchase—especially when the bargain is costly. Ignorance is much more at fault there than corruption. But the select Senate is the home of bargain, barter and sale. No one living here and looking can doubt this. The casual visitor here, who knows anything of lobby management, can see the truth of this remark.

The Senate Chamber, occupied by the present extraordinary session, is little else than an exchange for the sale and transfer of offices. A corrupt Executive holding the power of nomination; and a greedy, venial, or timorous Senator holding in his grasp a veto of that nomination, bargain together how much shall be paid for mutual concession. No principle governs action on confirmations. So much for so much is the rule. If some prominent Johnsonite, either copper or bread and butter recruit, receives his reward for devotion or treachery by an Executive nomination, the question apparently with Senators directly interested is not whether he is a fit man, or whether it is fitting that he be rewarded, but how much can I wring from Johnson as a recompense for acquiescing in this nomination. That being settled, the whole affair is arranged. It becomes only necessary to fix the votes of associates. As they nearly all have their private axe to grind, it has become a rule not to interfere with the dictum of a State's representatives, if they belong to your own party, because why?—they might "go back on you" when your own grindstone wanted turning. So it goes.

The confirmation of Rousseau of Kentucky, and Sol Meredith, Indiana, are among the last and most disgraceful transactions of the kind. The former received a nomination to the vacant brigadiership in the regular army. What he is, the readers of this correspondence generally understand. The writer, who knew personally his career in the army as well as his disgraceful position in Congress, feels that in the pretence put forward for his nomination—that of recognizing the services of our volunteer officers—a gratuitous insult as well as injury has been given to every Northern Volunteer. There are fifty men who wore the insignia of a general officer, who would better represent even the mere partisan and physical force element than Lovell H. Rousseau. Yet he is confirmed Brigadier, a well paid and permanent position—by the votes of such men as Drake, Henderson, Trumbull, Thayer, Chandler, Cattell, Frelinghuysen, and others. How many nominations for Postmasters, Assessors, etc., these barterers were to receive is more than I can tell, of course. That they are to get their reward in kind there is no doubt. It pays well in these latter days to have cowardly assailed radical Congressmen, as it did not so long ago under the same influences to have been the most loud-mouthed of denouncers of negro troops, kidnappers and oppressors of negro refugees, as was Lovell H. Rousseau.

The only excuse offered for the support of this Kentucky Hudibras, this pro-slavery Falstaff, that I have heard, is, that it was brought about in despite of the opposition of Gen. Grant and the regular army influence. No thanks need be given to Andrew Johnson if he flung a defiance in their face. It suits his purposes now to stab at Grant, because the latter has trimmed his sails towards Congress latterly. This is the reason given by some men otherwise respected as faithful, who have urged the confirmation of this six feet four of Kentucky "sound and fury." Whatever it is that secures the result, it may be set down as certain that the regular army has received another addition to its retrogressive influence in the person of Gen. Rousseau.

Another bargain has just been consummated, by the confirmation of Brig.-Gen. Sol Meredith, of Indiana, who will be remembered as being the assailer of our true and loyal friend, Hon. George W. Julian, of the same State. Meredith is another of the same stripe of overgrown bullies as Rousseau. A mere sycophant and creature of power, that is a fit representative of the drunken Cæsar who nods "at the other end of the avenue," Meredith is made Surveyor-General of Montana. He is sent there to "feather his nest," as the phrase goes, and in expectation of returning to Washington as Representative or Senator when that Territory emergies from its chrysalis into the full-blown State.

The Russian Treaty is another example of this barter and sale system. There is undoubtedly a big swindle behind this parchment, beside the fact that the proposition is unwise as a measure of statesmanship, unsound as a matter of expediency, and is without doubt intended as a cloak or diversion for other and more dangerous schemes. When, ten days ago, the scheme became known, it was greeted with a universal guffaw. Now Seward has been at work with appliances of all kinds, and his success seems not an unlikely result.

Apart from the corruption involved in the thing itself and in the appliances used to effect its success, the whole matter has a deeper significance. Mr. Seward is an avowed admirer of Imperialism or Cæsarism, and does not affect to conceal of late years his contempt for the people or for representative institutions. He doubtless sympathizes to the full with M. Ronher's late denunciation in the French Chambers of a responsible Ministry. There are not wanting those whose ability entitle their opinions to respect, and whose opportunities of observation are extensive, that believe Mr. Seward to be consciously working for a change in our form of government, in the direction he is known to sympathize with. Much of his seeming strange inconsistency becomes harmonious and works to a plan, if this interpretation be accepted. What better method of aiding his view than to encourage in the nation the land greed; to inoculate it with the territorial "craze?" Besides, what would be more likely to divert attention from intrigues to the South and Southwestward than such moves as this of the Russian American purchase? It may have nothing whatever to do with it, but it is a little singular that just at this moment we should begin to perceive evidences of new intrigues for the support of Imperialism in Mexico, whose abiding place is as yet in the United States, and fomented by one who may be considered as modern sort of Seward patronage. I refer to Santa Anna's movement, and the latest filibustering aid to be given Maximilian.

The Impeachment is [illegible] The Judiciary Committee has [illegible] ble in the first week of May. [illegible] Committee, which will be ready [illegible] impeachment, there [illegible] majority given to the majority. They will have been dragged to their duty by such men as Ashley, Butler and Loan, backed by public opinion and events. It will be done against the policy which Mr. Wilson, its Chairman, has adopted, and in despite of additional hindrances. Speaker Colfax interposed when he reorganized the Committee in the [illegible] Congress, Mr. Morris, a Republican, who was invisible to the [illegible] Jack Rogers. The Cotton [illegible] Marshall and Eldridge, and their associated in judging Cook, of Ill., Boutwell, to assign, that he might put on a respectability of the Republican [illegible] from New York, Mr. J. C. Churchill. What with Wilson and Woodbridge running it so that "it is hoped impeachment would be necessary," and Colfax aiding them in the organization, it is only surprising that the obstructionists have not reported that nothing warranting impeachment has transpired. That this has not been done, is the best possible proof of the contrary, and shows that damaging evidence has been presented.

The colored race is giving its contribution to art, not it is true, by any of its own representatives, but through the genius who has seized with the passion of genius upon the salient points—the picturesqueness, warmth, tone, power, to be found in the subject. We have in Washington an artist who is destined to reveal to the nation the fecund capacity of this element. Mr. Frank Buchser is a Swiss, and came here about a year ago, commissioned to paint for the Swiss Republic a national painting, whose subject should be found in our war. Studying the people, etc., Mr. Buchser, whose European reputation is extensive, and who has travelled much in Spain, Algeria, Egypt and Arabia, was almost immediately impressed by the artistic grotesqueness of our negro street life—the boot-blacks, laborers, etc. Here he felt he had struck upon a vein germain to the soil, and belonging to the very core of the nation's life. As he began his studies, he was drawn, as every true artist must be, to the humanitarian aspect of the matter. He has worked at this steadily while in Washington, until his studio is lined with studies of negro character. His "Blacklegs," a group of negro boot-blacks playing euchre, hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol, and has been admired by thousands. Buchser's method is original. You feel that here is an original man, one who not only dares take up tabooed subjects, but works from his own insight, disregarding or making servants of mere tricks of the craft—academical rules which kill the spirit too often. He is now finishing for Mr. Nordhoff, of the *Evening Post*, another of his special subjects. It is a couple of boys, boot-blacks, enjoying in the shadow of a garden-wall, their *dolce far niente*. One is smoking a cigar, which the other is too avaricious to purchase. This face is a curious study, with its mingled look of envy and greed. The coloring of this picture is wonderfully rich and warm, while at the same time the tone is carefully and harmoniously worked up. There are many other studies in his *atelier* deserving notice. Among these are the scenes from the Plain. The artist travelled with Gen. Sherman last Summer. He has given us not only the spirit of those scenes, but has given us on canvas a faithful reproduction of them. The spirit of the work is seen in a remark made by the artist. Speaking of the work of American artists, he said the aim of the landscape painters seems to be to reproduce scenes as nearly like those of Europe as possible. His own aim has been to give, both in figures and landscape, what was distinctively American—representative of life and scenery. Among his studies are a couple intended for cartoons—one entitled "Vox Populi—Vox Dei," and representing the Polls, with its representatives of all classes of society. The other is entitled "Educating the Freedmen." The title speaks for itself. Both, though rude, are drawings of wonderful vigor and freedom. Mr. Buchser is about to commence work on the studies necessary for a large picture he intends to be representative of the Harper's Ferry Opening Drama. In all probability the subject will be the moment when John Brown stepping from his prison to his scaffold, stopped to set his seal of love upon the brow of a slave child held up for the purpose by its mother. I know no man more competent for this than Mr. Buchser; for no artist seems more fully to comprehend and enter into the new life of the country,

WATCHMAN.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1867.

THE second public meeting called by the Pennsylvania Equal Rights Society, was held on Thursday evening last. The attendance was quite large, and increased interest in the great cause was manifest. In this the friends of the good work find a source of encouragement, and are prompted to pursue their labors in its behalf with renewed energy.

The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage. Previous to the address a series of resolutions were offered by Alfred H. Love, which were briefly discussed, and adopted without a dissenting vote, although some opposition was expressed against the resolution proclaiming universal suffrage to be a "universal right," and also against the stress placed upon the "Democratic gains" in the late elections.

The first resolution was an expression of joy over the recent action of our Legislature, whereby all classes may participate equally in the use of our public conveyances.

The second declares "that *universal suffrage* is a *universal right*, and any limitation or qualification must be impartial as regards the natural condition of mankind."

The third has reference to the late elections, noticing the fact of Democratic gains where the Republicans have evinced a weak and temporizing spirit concerning the suffrage question, and counseling prompt and decided action in favor of the right in order to avoid disaster.

The fourth adverts to the course pursued at recent Southern Conventions, commending their bold stand, and declaring that in the struggle for the negro vote, success will attend the party that proclaims at once the right of all to the ballot, irrespective of race, sex or color.

Robert Purvis, Esq., President of the Society, introduced Mrs. Gage to the audience, who proceeded to speak upon the all-important question of universal suffrage, as the immediate need in the great work of establishing equal rights among the people. Chiefly the words of this faithful champion of impartial justice were spoken in advocacy of the claims of her own sex to the rights that inhere in all human beings. She spoke for the mothers, the wives and daughters of the land. Forcibly and fervently she appealed in their behalf, asking with a true woman's earnest voice for a just recognition of all their rights. Her arguments were clear and sound. She discussed woman's claim to the ballot in an effective manner, treating a sensible question in a sensible way. There was a simplicity in her logic that commended it to the plainest understanding, and a directness in its application to the case that gave her words force and effect.

As an ultimate result of the acquisition of the ballot for woman, Mrs. Gage discerns the elevation of humanity to a higher and nobler plane. It will give wider scope to the practical sway of justice, and a deeper, truer incentive to moral progress. She perceives in it a force that is to clear away the barriers to a purer condition of society. Woman, by means of this beneficent agent, will be enabled to exert a benign influence in behalf of such a cause as that of temperance, giving it such a victory as can be assured through no other instrumentality.

The speaker discoursed upon the subject in its various phases, treating the ballot for woman as a duty in its bestowal, a right to be enjoyed, and a means for the accomplishment of manifold good by enlarging the sphere for its exercise.

After Mrs. Gage had concluded her excellent remarks, Dr. Child and Mr. Broom each spoke briefly and acceptably. It was a good and useful meeting, and it is to be desired that others equally valuable will follow from time to time, to have their weight and import in the great struggle for the establishment of equal rights.

But these meetings, like all other good things having a worthy object to be achieved, cannot be held without the essential means. And let me be pardoned for taking the liberty, just here and now, of putting a few words of suggestion. It is perhaps as well as to wait for a better opportunity. These meetings incur cost. The more [illegible] they may or, rather, the best [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] have that kind [illegible] [illegible] inheritance is worthy of meetings of a character superior to [illegible] These meetings require work from a few and cash from a great many. It is found to be less irksome to give cash than to proffer work—so let the multitude choose the easier part. Very many have a mere sum, no matter how [illegible] how largely to them these sums are [illegible] and their contributions—yes, their mites—will be gratefully acknowledged. Let neither distance, [illegible] nor a suspicion lest the gift will go wrong if out of sight, prevent or retard the bestowal. If what is now sent cannot be used immediately, be assured it will be put safely aside, where it will wait till the moment of legitimate need. These donations, great or small, may be sent to either of the following: Robert Purvis, President of the Society, Byberry, Pa.; Sarah Pugh, Pres't. Executive Com., Germantown, Pa.; John E. Wildman, Treas., 110 South-Third street, Philad'a.

W.

FOR THE STANDARD.

RELIEF OF THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.*

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Below the rebel city the gallant frigate lay,
Her slender cordage pencilled against the morning gray,
The hot breath of her anger drawn in for one reply
To the summons of the traitors who mocked her flag on high.

The pride of olden memories was in her heart of oak,
As when that meteor banner flashed through the battle smoke,
While Albion's haughty signal came down and kissed the wave
That bore our stout "Old Ironsides" to glory or her grave!

Ha! shall the decks where Hull has trod, where patriot heroes bled,
Endure the dark dishonor of a traitor's victor tread?
Shall the iron throats that thundered oppression's boding knell
Hurl treason's bloody challenge to one she served so well?

No! Sooner should God's lightnings, shot down from cloudless skies,
Consume their dauntless rival as a spotless sacrifice;
Her planks leap skyward, rending the traitor wrapped in flame,
Or the deep abysses open and snatch her from her shame!

The arms are few that guard her, but the hearts are of her oak;
The shallows hold her prisoned, but she bides the thunder stroke:
No pirate's hand shall turn that helm, no slaver's bloody "bars"
Usurp her heavenward finger that lifts our bannered stars!

All day the thronging robbers their deadly toils prepare;
All night their lurid signals ran through the startled air;
Four times the ready gunners saw night and day expire,
His hand still on the hammer, and his watching eye on fire!

Ye might have heard him mutter through rigid teeth and lip,
"Let fall your iron thunderbolts upon our goodly ship;
We'll answer as ye summons, returning flash for flash,
And drown your rebel insult with the broadside's rending crash!

"We are few and we may perish; but the sacred trust we hold
We will never, never yield it for your iron nor your gold!
While a plank of our stout frigate on the stormy billow rides,
Look only for defiance from the true Old Ironsides!"

As the dancing waves grew golden in the fourth day's morning light,
Up the bay a shape came walking with its plume of pearly white,
Then grew a gallant swimmer who plied his limbs of steel,
Grinding the blue to whiteness with the dash of hand and heel.

O, look! the starry banner floats yonder to the gale,
And a thousand bayonets glitter along the steamer's rail:
There's hope for thee, good Frigate, for sturdily there strides
Unyielding old BEN BUTLER, our *living* Ironsides!

Though scowls the rebel pilot in sullen hate and fear,
And scowl the rebel firemen and the rebel engineer,
The Old Man's eye is on them, and their loyal task is done,
Like the service of a viper that your heel is set upon!

Now a cheer for old Ben Butler and the boys of Marblehead;
The good ship Constitution is abroad with canvas spread;
She has slipped her iron cables, and they've heaved her o'er the bar,
And she leaps along the waters as of old she rushed to war!

And God fulfill the omen for our gallant Ship of State,
Through storm and o'er the shallows may she bear her noble freight
To the fair New-port of Freedom, to the isles of better peace,
Built on the rock of Justice, unshaken by the seas!

*See Abbott's History of the Civil War, page 171.

A WOMAN'S EYES AND EARS IN GOTHAM.

To the Editor of the Standard:

How welcome these long visits which the sun now makes us, where so lately he but showed his jolly round face only an hour above the high brick walls of my neighbor across the way! When, as Beecher so prettily expresses it, "the golden fringe of light was sheared a little and a little closer each morning and evening," and we sat in the chimney corner, vainly attempting to find in its cheery glow, compensation for those chary visits of the day-god. How every living thing rejoices! Brigham (that's my Chanticleer) invites his wives out for dress parade, and they all smooth out their feathers as studiously as does the Broadway belle smooth her best hair on "opening day." Brigham crows over the fence to his neighbor, lifts his spurred foot proudly, and the Biddies obey his nod submissively enough even to satisfy St. Paul. There's a whole anthem of praise in their blended crowing and croaking. They rejoice and are glad, and so am I, as I sit in the sunshine. Its health and its wealth, and its blessing for all.

My wanderings led me this morning to Gramercy Park, and there another anthem rose and blended with that which sprang up in my heart with the dawn of this glad April day. It came from hundreds of little sparrow throats. The gates are closed, cotton and grain are scattered about the grounds, and there the thrifty little brown warblers flit about, unmolested, and as fully absorbed in making their Spring arrangements for housekeeping as new-made brides and grooms. At Union Square, I found them no less busy, and there was also blended with their twitter, the prattle of the children at play with hoop and ball, and the plashing of the Croton in the fountain. "Oh Auntie," said little Polly—"Isn't God good to make it Summer again!" And the little hand clasped mine tightly in the intensity with which the heart responded to the love of the All Father.

Passing Delmonico's, I met the bright eyes of the crocuses, wide-opened to the sun.

"And they looked up well pleased to see,
That such high blue grants them its company."

Only a few feet of earth were given them, which the all-prevailing building and paving stones have

DIGITIZED ORIGINAL COPY

not appropriated, but they grow and bloom joyously, and instinctively I named them each, "Picciola."

And while dame nature thus gives token of new life and vigor, so are her students preparing for the Spring Exhibition which opens at the Academy of Design on the 16th inst. The artists seem to be having a revival in water colors, and they who paint in oils have been busy through the Winter months. De Haas, whose marine views are favorites, who, as some critic has it, "can paint water that looks wet," has completed his master-piece, entitled, "Passing the Forts below New Orleans," and it must rank among the first paintings commemorative of one of the grandest achievements of the war.

Theo. Kaufmann's painting of Gen. Sherman in camp, now on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery, continues to attract crowds of admirers.

As for the city in toto, the grand question as to how she shall execute her daily somerset is yet unsettled. This is no fault of the lobbyists, I opine. I rather suspect that they have so persistently pressed their claims for surface, for under-ground and for three-tier roads, and have so moistened them with whiskey, that the legislators don't exactly know which is which.

In the way of local amusements there is no dearth. Madame Parepa Rosa has delighted all lovers of the Italian Opera during the last two weeks, and the Richings troupe find a most cordial welcome in this their second season of English Opera. I am utterly amazed at the power of endurance displayed by Miss Richings in singing seven times a week, and also acting as Directress. At the same time, she never loses that freshness and elasticity of mind and body which impart such a charm to her acting.

And now, good STANDARD, in closing my rambling letter, let me wish for you, success in all good efforts. May the XLth Congress be inspired to do a good work, when it shall have taken its "Summer rest," and give to manhood all the rights which you so fearlessly advocate. How fast the country grows! Uncle Samuel has purchased a large fur-store up North, and so the nation has another talent entrusted to its keeping. May it prove faithful to its high trust. M. S. C.

New York, April, 1867.

FOR THE STANDARD.

CONSOLATION.

BY C. K. S.

REST, troubled heart—oh! rest—
Rest from thy trouble—rest.
Think not thy burden all too great;
God knows what's for the best.

Rest, weary soul—aye, rest;
The clouds that gather here
Are not so dark but God shall soon
Show thee that He is near.

Rest, weary mind—oh! rest;
Though dark the day may be,
The dawn shall break, and for thy sake
Sweet peace shall come to thee.

Then, rise! Have faith in him
Who suffered, and was strong!
Thy burden's great; but patience, *wait*—
It will not crush thee long.

THE HOME LIFE OF WOMEN.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S THIRD LECTURE.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM gave the third lecture in his course on the Social Condition of Women, last evening, in his church on Fortieth street upon the "Home Life of Women." "I am old-fashioned enough," he said, "to think that the domestic life of women is their best life, and that home is woman's most important and commanding place. For home is the centre of the world. It holds the world in possibility. From it the world proceeds; through it the world continues; in it the world reposes. It is the only truly consecrated place, the one truly divine institution. The great sacraments of birth, marriage, and death are celebrated there. Every man is born of a mother; and every mother is a woman. Every man attains dignity as the head of a household; but the administrator and soul of the household is a woman. Whatever work women may be called to do, their best work is still done here. Whatever education they may acquire; the noblest results of it will ultimately show themselves here. But the actual condition of women at home is anything but satisfactory, and in many respects is such as to cause serious concern to those who hope to see women doing themselves justice. Multitudes of noble girls, with fine capacities, admirable aspirations and excellent purposes, get up in the morning simply because the sun does, and wear wearily through the day, unable to give a good reason for their existence. The case of such women is peculiarly hard. A protest against this state of things comes from the best quarters; and it is a protest that should be listened to. How shall it be answered; something may be done to make domestic life more attractive by household games, reading circles, musical and dramatic entertainments. But this is not enough. In this country, usefulness, and usefulness alone, vindicates itself. Nothing less than this will meet the demand of women in our society. Does marriage or the prospect of marriage stand in the way of this demand? Surely not; for while it is true that any woman may be married, it is equally true that any woman may be unmarried. For every argument that may be urged against women's preparation for a career on the ground that they may have husbands, an argument quite as strong may be urged in favor of such preparation on the ground that they may not have. If there be a doubt on such a matter education and training should have the benefit of it. It should be made to redound to the interest of woman's future, in this country so precarious. If it be still urged that the mere probability of marriage will be sufficient so to scatter women's brains as to make the requisite preparation unattainable, the prompt reply should be that the mere possibility of marriage should make such preparation imperative. Can any thoughtful man or woman regard it otherwise? The prospect of entering into the marriage relation is a prospect of entering on a career more definite than any which a young man has before him. More vital in the interests represented; more momentous in the issues involved; more sublime in the qualities engaged; more characteristic as taking up the elements of a sex, more influential as effecting men and women for time and for eternity. Regarding marriage as woman's lot, it is a lot that no possible amount of preparation will adequately meet, and that the smallest real preparation will do something toward anticipating. The responsibility of the wife may be very serious; but it becomes almost light as compared with the responsibility of the mother. Can that be forgotten? Can it be remembered without suggesting thoughts which make the young man's prophecies of a career seem like dim abstraction? It may be a great thing to be a merchant, a financier, an inventor, an advocate, a judge, writer, or orator; but before these can exist there must be men. Before these can be what they should be, there must be healthy, diciplined men; there must be well bred youths, carefully instructed and faithfully trained children, infants lying on deep motherly bosoms and sucking rich motherly milk; yes, more than that, inhaling a pure, womanly spirit. It may be a fine thing for women to have control of their own property, to help in making the laws they live under; but to be a good mother of men and women is the greatest thing in all this world. Do the qualifications for becoming so appear at the instant of need? Does the dancing master teach them or the drawing master? Does the hairdresser put them into the head, or the French dressmaker fit them to the mind? Does she get them from Mrs. Stephens' novels, or Mrs. Gore's? The melancholy truth is, that the greater number of women are wholly incompetent to fulfil this most sacred and momentous office of woman's existence, and either leave it to be discharged by Nature, or allow it to be undischarged. This one has no health; that one no knowledge; a third no economy; a fourth no sagacity; a fifth no *morale*. Yet some of the most distinguished names in art and literature are names of married women, with children beside. Many teachers are married. The wives of clergymen all over the country do an immense amount of work outside of their families. It is not generally charged against them that their families are neglected. It should seem as if our people had more leisure they should acquire more culture; but experience does not seem to justify the expectation. The women of the middle class among us have more leisure than their mothers and grandmothers. It may be doubted if they are more intellectual. Their home life is easier; it is not richer or more earnest. They read more, but they do not read so advantageously. A good deal of what is called domestic life is nothing better than domestic lifelessness. Fashion steps in to occupy the place which domestic industry occupied before. Hotel life and life in boarding-houses is becoming more popular because more easy, and the women who have no homes at all are the idlest. The question of woman's domestic life implicates the questions that concern her social and public life. If she cannot sustain herself here, where the supreme dominion is fully conceded to her, and the administration is all in her hands, what encouragement is there to believe that she can bear a worthy part in outside industries, make a fair contribution to the practical knowledge of the community, exercise civil rights with judgment, or hold with discretion the power of the ballot?

LITERARY.

"The Political Writings of Richard Cobden," recently published, contain the following allusion, written and published in 1835, to the probable result of the allowed continuance of slavery in the United States. He is speaking of the injustice of the English policy in Ireland, particularly of the application, by the government, of the whole religious revenue of that country to the service of the faith of one-seventh of its subjects:

"The neglect of those duties which devolve upon the Governor, as in the instance of every infringement of moral obligations, bears within it the seeds of self-chastisement. The spectacle of Ireland, operating like a cancer in the side of England—of Poland, paralyzing one arm of the giant that oppresses her—of the two millions of negroes in the United States, whose future disposal baffles the ingenuity of those statesmen and philanthropists who would fain wash out this indelible stain upon their religion and government; these are amongst the lessons which, if viewed properly, serve to teach mankind that no deed of guilt or oppression can be perpetrated with impunity, even by the most powerful—that, early or late, the invincible cause of truth will triumph against every assault of violence or injustice.

"May the middle classes of Great Britain, in whom the government of this country is now vested, profit, in the case of Ireland, by these morals of past history."—pp. 95, 6.

Of a democratic policy for England, at the same date, he wrote—

"They who argue in favor of a Republic, in lieu of a mixed monarchy, for Great Britain, are, we suspect, ignorant of the genius of their countrymen. Democracy forms no element in the materials of English character. An Englishman is, from his mother's womb, an aristocrat. Whatever rank or birth, whatever fortune, trade or profession, may be his fate, he is, or wishes or hopes to be, an aristocrat. The insatiable love of caste that in England, as in Hindostan, devours all hearts, is confined to no walks of society, but pervades every degree, from the highest to the lowest. Of what conceivable use, then, would it be to strike down the lofty patricians that have descended to us from the days of the Normans and Plantagenets, if we of the middle class—who are more enslaved than any other to this passion—are prepared to lift up, from amongst ourselves, an aristocracy of mere wealth; not less austere, not less selfish, only less noble than that we had deposed. No: whatever changes, in the course of time, education may and will effect, we do not believe that England, at this moment, contains even the germs of genuine republicanism."—pp. 131,2.

Writing, in 1852, of the popular glorification of war by the clergy, in Christian temples and elsewhere, Mr. Cobden cites, in contrast, "an example of true heroism," as follows:

"A famine fell upon nearly one half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and bogs of the West coast of the stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. To say that they found themselves in the valley of the shadow of death would be but an imperfect image. They were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never since the 11th century did pestilence, the gaunt hand-maid of famine, glean so rich a harvest. In the midst of a scene which no field of battle ever equalled in danger, in the number of its slain, or the sufferings of the surviving, these brave men moved as calm and undismayed as though they had been in their own homes. The population sunk so fast that the living could not bury the dead. Half-interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while the husband lay a festering corpse by her side. Into the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the living with their own hands, raising the head of famishing infancy, and pouring nourishment into parched lips from which shot fever-flames more deadly than a volley of musketry. Here was courage! No music strung the nerves; no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possession and resolute will; calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? To what "gallant" *corps* did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot, or artillery force? They were Quakers, from Clapham, and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the volume of reports published by themselves—for Quakers write no bulletins of their victories."—pp. 494,5.

SCHOOLDAY DIALOGUES. Compiled by Alexander A. Clark, A. M. This collection of school dialogues will be gladly welcomed by many teachers who eagerly watch for something new and interesting with which to entertain both scholars and patrons, on "exhibition days." It will be appreciated also by the young people, whom it is designed especially to benefit. There are too few such books. The humorous and instructive are very happily combined, so that some good moral may be derived from each piece. The discussions on the reform questions introduced mark the progress of the age. Freedom for the colored race is no longer ignored, though it is not yet treated as boldly as we could wish. Our school-books represent the average public sentiment on this question. As ministers are wont to temper their preaching to suit the political opinions of all parishioners, notwithstanding a vital Christian principle is involved, so the school-books have been carefully pruned to harmonize with the compromising spirit of the age. There have been eloquent utterances for freedom in the abstract, but no home applications have been permitted. This is also true of other unpopular reforms. We prophecy that the author of the Dialogue on "Woman's Rights" will be inclined to treat the subject very differently when that struggling cause shall have gained a complete triumph. However, this collection on the whole, is such an improvement on many others, and is so valuable in other respects, we will not be too critical. There is sufficient variety to suit all moods and opinions. It contains seventy-two dialogues and a few "little pieces for little folks." J. W. Daughaday & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The *Herald of Health*, for April, contains, among other articles, the following:

Minutes of the Brainville Athletic Club, by Moses Coit Tyler; Boarding Houses; Adulterations and its Remedy, by A. L. Wood, M.D.; Man Capable of Higher Developments (poem), by Eliza R. Snow; The Physiology of Man (illustrated), by Prof. R. K. Browne; Letters to Ladies, by Mrs. Dr. Gleason; Revelations of a Retired Doctor; A Discourse to Medical Students, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; Hints for Improving the Lungs, etc., by Prof. C. S. Royce; Sweet Lips, Cherry Red (poem); Dress, by Mrs. O. F. McCune, M.D; Action and Reaction, by S. A. N.; A Case of Love Cured, by Bungay; Reminiscences of N. P. Willis, by Dr. J. B. F. Walker; General Topics of the Month; Home Treatment of Disease; Answers to Correspondents; Literary Notices, etc. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

Our Young Folks for April presents the following table of contents: Good Old Times, IV., Elijah Kellog, with two illustrations by Harry Fern; Lessons in Magic, IX., P. H. C., with three Illustrations by G. G. White; Our Violet Girl, W. E. B., with Illustration by G. G. Whiie; Pussy Willow Blossoms, Harriet Beecher Stowe, with an Illustration by G. G. White; A Child's Question, Kate Putnam, with an Illustration by Miss E. B. Greene; Round-the-World Joe, III., Geo. Eager, with three Illustrations by Eytinge; Where the Elves came from, Anna M. Lea, with an Illustration by Eytinge; Going Halves, Margaret Eytinge, with a full page Illustration by Etynge; Foot-Ball and Hockey, Charles F. Foster, with an Illustration by G. G. White; A. Story of an Apple Tree, Mrs. Anna M. Wells; The Song of the Robin, Emily H. Miller; Music, G. B. Thomas, with an Illustration by Eytinge; Round the Evening Lamp, with an Illustration, from a design from a correspondent; Our Letter Boy, with an Illustration, from a design from a correspondent.

The *Athenæum* says of a novel, My Sister Dagmar, that it is written by "a young woman who cherishes a feeble fondness for painted glass and ecclesiastical millinery." On the different cathedrals of England the author expatiates thus: "Ely cathedral falls upon one's eye as an æolian harp upon the ear. Durham may be compared to the solemn sound of a trumpet. Litchfield is like one of Handel's melodies, subtantial, though laden with ornamentation. Chester is like a psalm tune, Canterbury an oratorio, but Westminster is the music to which history has chanted her hymns."

In Disraeli's Amenities of Literature the history of punctuation is well given. Caxton introduced the Roman pointing, the dash being the only mark they used. This was softened to the comma, and the colon was introduced to "show that there was more to come." The semicolon is a latin delicacy long resisted by the obtuse English typographers. The Bible of 1692 does not contain it, but it appears in that of 1693 and afterward. Chalmers thinks that the use of the semicolon would have saved Shakspeare from his commentators.

RECEIVED.

JOAN OF ARC, a biography, translated from the French by SARAH M. GRIMKE. Boston: Adams & Co.

THE NEGRO IN THE AMERICAN REBELLION, by WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, dedicated to Wendell Phillips. 380 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Children's Friend, for April, a monthly journal, edited by Lydia H. Hall.

The Methodist Quarterly Review, edited by D. D. Whedon, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Friend for April. New York. The Friend Association, 131 William st.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Juvenile Party Galop, by L. De Lasienske: Clara and Lillie Waltz, by Johann Munck: Black Key Polka Mazurka, by A Herzog: Come to my Spirit, Sweet Angel of Love, song by W. C. Baker: Where have the Beautiful Gone?—Duet, by James G. Clarke: Let us be true to each other, song by W. C. Baker: The Bonnie Brown Cottage, by W. C. Baker: "Do not heed her warning," reply to "The Gypsy's Warning," Words by Thomas Manahan, Music by Henry Tucker. Published by C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, New York.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual meeting of the AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION will be held in the City of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, on Thursday and Friday, the 9th and 10th of May next, commencing on Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock.

The object of this Association is to secure Equal Rights to all American citizens, especially the Right of Suffrage, irrespective of race, color or sex.

American Democracy has interpreted the Declaration of Independence in the interest of slavery, restricting suffrage and citizenship to a *white male minority*.

The black man is still denied the crowning right of citizenship, even in the nominally free States, though the fires of civil war have melted the chains of chattelism, and a hundred battle-fields attest his courage and patriotism.

Half our population are disfranchised on the ground of sex; and though compelled to obey the law and taxed to support the government, they have no voice in the legislation of the country.

This Association then has a mission to perform, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be overestimated.

The recent war has unsettled all our governmental foundations. Let us see that in their restoration, all these unjust proscriptions are avoided. Let Democracy be defined anew, as *the government of the people*, AND THE WHOLE PEOPLE.

Let the gathering, then, at this anniversary be, in numbers and character, worthy, in some degree the demands of the hour. The black man, even the black soldier, is yet but half emancipated, nor will he be, until his full suffrage and citizenship *are secured to him in the Federal Constitution*. Still more deplorable is the condition of the black woman; and legally, that of the white woman is no better!

Shall the sun of the nineteenth century go down on wrongs like these, in this nation, consecrated in its infancy to justice and freedom? Rather let our meeting be pledge as well as prophecy to the world of mankind, that the redemption of at least one great nation is near at hand.

In behalf of the American Equal Rights Association,

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Cor. Secretary.

HENRY B. BLACKWELL, Rec. Secretary.

New York, 12th March, 1867.

[Communications relating to this Anniversary, and donations in aid of its objects, to be addressed to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 464 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.]

Special Premium.

THE STANDARD FOR 1867.

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WE have received from a gentleman well known as an earnest, influential friend of freedom, a One Hundred Dollar Five-Twenty Government Bond, with six per cent. interest-bearing coupons attached, payable in gold, which he desires us to offer as a special premium to whoever will send us the largest number of subscribers for the year 1867.

He says in his note: "I want you to offer in the next STANDARD, as a premium, to whoever will get the most subscribers to it for the year 1867, a $100 Government Bond, and the interest. I send it to you, so that the person who earns it shall be sure of getting it and the accrued gold interest. I do not want any conditions added, except that the money for the paper must be paid either when the subscription is sent in, or before the first of July. There may be many or few, but the more the better, and the one who gets the *most* shall have the premium, whether the number be *ten* or *one thousand!*"

We are not at liberty to give the name of the donor, but he adds: "You may say it comes from one who would not miss the STANDARD for all the other papers he knows."

The Bond is in our possession, and we shall pay it to the one from whom, on the first of July, we shall have received the largest number of new subscribers. Some one will be sure of receiving it. Competitors for the Bond are authorized to retain twenty-five per cent. (75 cents each subscription) commission.

Persons competing for the premium will mention the fact, in sending subscriptions, to be noted on our books.

Of course ten subscribers can be readily procured by almost any one, and a much larger number, without great difficulty. With the important accession of WENDELL PHILLIPS as a special editorial contributor, the services of other able contributors, and a regular correspondence from Washington, Boston and Philadelphia superior to that of any weekly journal in the country, the claims of THE STANDARD are such as our friend ascribes to it and encourages by his liberal donation.

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Miscellaneous Department.

A APPEAL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINOUSE.

BY A. GASPER.

To the Sextant:

O, SEXTANT of the meetinouse, which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes fires,
And lites the ges, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smells orful—worse than lampile;
And wrings the bel, and toles it when men dyes,
To the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths;
And for the servases gits $100 per annum,
Wich them as thinks it doar, let 'em try it;
Getin up befoar star-lite in all wethers and
Kindlin fiers when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not grean wood for kindlers;
I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some.
But O, Sextant; there are 1 kermoddity
Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
Worth more than anything excep the Sole of Mann!
I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are!
O, it is plenty out-o'-doors—so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
Scaterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts;
In short, its jest "free as are" out doors.
But O, Sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
Scarce as bank-bills wen agints beg for mischuns,
Which some say is pretty often ('taint nothin to me,
Wat I give sin't nothin to nobody); but O, Sextant,
U shet 500 men, wimmin and children—
Speshally the latter—up in a tite place;
Some has bad breths, none ain't 2 swote,
Some is fevery, some is scorfilus, some has bad teath,
And some hain't none, and some ain't over cleon;
But every one on 'em breathes in and out and out and in,
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths an hour—
Now, how long will a church full of are last at that rate,
I ask you? say 15 minits—and then wat's to be did?
Why, then they must brethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wat's more,
The same individable don't have the privelidge
Of brethen his own are and no one's else;
But each one must take whatever comes to him.
O sextant, doant you no our lungs are bellusses
To blow the fier of life, and keep it from goin out?
And how can bellusses blo without wind?
And ain't wind are? i put it to your conchens.
Are is tho same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an injun Doctor,
Or little pills unto an omepath,
Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe—
Wat signifies who preaches if I can't brethe?
Wat's Pol, wat's Pollus, to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of breth? Why, sextant, when we dye
It's only coz we can't brethe no more—that's all.
And now, O sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are into our church—
(Pewer air is sartin proper for the pews)—
And do it weak days and Sunday tew.
It ain't much trouble—only make a hole
And the are will come in of itself;
It luvs to come in whar it can git warm,
And O, how it will rouse the people up
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
And yawns, and figgits as effectoosl
As wind on the dry boans the Profbit tells of.

STORIES ABOUT LAWYERS.

MORE PASSAGES FROM MR. JEAFFRESON'S BOOK.

We have already given some account of Mr. Jeaffreson's "Book about Lawyers," just published in England, but the following additional anecdotes are readable:

JEFFREYS AND THE FIDDLER.

"Though Jeffreys delighted in music, he does not seem to have held its professors in high esteem. In the time of Charles II. musical artists of the humbler grades liked to be styled 'musitioners;' and on a certain occasion, when he was sitting as Recorder for the city of London, George Jeffreys was greatly incensed by a witness who, in a pompous voice, called himself a musitioner. With a sneer the Recorder interposed—'A musitioner! I thought you were a fiddler!' 'I am a musitioner,' the violinist answered stoutly. 'Oh, indeed!' croaked Jeffreys. 'This is very important—highly important—extremely important! And pray Mr. Witness, what is the difference between a musitioner and a fiddler?' With fortunate readiness the man answered, 'As much, sir, as there is between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder.'"

BARON PLATT'S TRANCE.

"Of eminent lawyers who were steady port-wine drinkers, Baron Platt—the amiable and popular judge who died in 1862, aged seventy-two years—may be regarded as one of the last. Of him it is recorded that in early manhood he was so completely prostrated by severe illness that beholders judged him to be actually dead. Standing over his silent body shortly before the arrival of the undertaker, two of his friends concurred in giving utterance to the sentiment—'Ah, poor dear fellow, we shall never drink a glass of wine with him again;' when to their momentary alarm and subsequent delight, the dead man interposed with a faint assumption of jocularity, 'But you will, though, and a good many, too, I hope.' When the undertaker called he was sent away a genuinely sorrowful man; and the young lawyer, who was 'not dead yet,' lived to old age and good purpose."

WITNESSES.

"Few stories relating to witnesses are more laughable than that which describes the mathematical process by which Mr. Baron Perrot arrived at the value of certain conflicting evidence. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' this judge is reported to have said, in summing up the evidence in a trial where the witnesses had sworn with noble tenacity of purpose, 'there are fifteen witnesses who swear that the watercourse used to flow in a ditch on the North side of the hedge. On the other hand, gentlemen, there are nine witnesses who swear that the watercourse used to flow on the South side of the hedge. Now, gentlemen, if you substract nine from fifteen, there remain six witnesses wholly uncontradicted; and I recommend you to give your verdict for the party who called those six witnesses.'"

This process, however, was hardly so clever as that of the Irish prisoner accused of stealing a shirt from a hedge. "Here are three people who saw you take it," said the magistrate. "Bad luck to them," exclaimed Paudheen, "I can bring six honester people who'll swear they didn't see me take it?"

LAWYERS QUARRELS IN TRAVELLING.

"Barristers posting through the country saw far too much of each other. Bickerings and feuds arose; and sometimes the 'sad apprentices' having ordered the horses to stop, exchanged shots at the half-way house of a long posting stager. Even where they restrained themselves from expressions of hostility, mutual self-respect was utterly destroyed by undue familiarity. No judge ever named as guardian to his children, or even as executor, the brother-circuiteer with whom he was wont to post in days when they were at the bar. Greatly conducive to these petty squabbles was the irksome slowness of travelling. Of course the lawyers in good practice worked at their papers while the posters cantered up hill and down dale, at the average rate of eight or nine miles per hour; but briefless juniors, unless they were rare and most exceptional impostors, could not through a long day's drive feign earnest application to the statements of dummy briefs. Usually they shortened the hours with cards or dice; and where four men posted together in a double-seated coach, they would play whist on a table made by a plank fitted into the windows of the carriage.

"This custom gave rise to a painful scandal concerning a barrister, who, after winning high honors in his profession, is still alive. The story may be told; but the great man's name must be held secret. Many years since the lawyer lost an aged aunt, whose will required her body to be interred in a distant part of the country. Like a dutiful nephew, and in a manner becoming his aunt's executor, the young barrister, together with other gentlemen (closely connected with the deceased lady by blood or business), journeyed from London to the place of sepulture. The hearse containing the embalmed body had been sent forward, and the mourners followed it at an interval of a few days journey. The first day was very tedious; and as several days would follow it ere the place of interment could be reached, the nephew on the second morning of the dolorous expedition proposed to his companions in grief that they should have a rubber. He had cards in his pocket, and at the next roadside inn they could get a board that would serve them for a table.

"The suggestion was unanimously adopted; and throughout the remainder of the comfortless progress, the mourners played steadily with complete indifference to the scenery which surrounded them, and with what superb devotion to 'the game' which characterized whist-players half a century since. Under the circumstances the mourners 'progressed as favorably as could be expected.' Their spirits rose; much money changed hands; and when the four gentlemen stood in the old lady's mausoleum, the two who had won were sustained by an enlivening sense of worldly prosperity, and the two who had lost thirsted for revenge on the homeward journey. Unfortunately, however, certain local gossips of the puritanical district where the old lady was buried, had either seen the mourners at whist or heard how they amused themselves. The story passed from mouth to mouth, and reached London almost as soon as the melancholy whist-players. Of course in London the story lived; and years afterwards, when the nephew had risen to eminence in politics and law, people were told at dinner-parties how the great lawyer had taken his aunt's body from London to Scotland, playing cards on her coffin throughout the entire journey."

THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and baumy mou',
With na ane tooth between.

Her een, nae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the budding o' our love,
A giftie God gie'd us;
We munna lave the gift ower weel—
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

WATER AND HEALTH.

WATER is the most abundant substance in the body. Only one-fifth of the blood is solid matter, and four-fifths of it is water. And water forms a large portion of almost every organ, however solid it may be. In the cholera, where the discharges drain off largely the watery portion of the blood, there is a great shrinking of the body, occasioning the pinching of the features and the wrinkling of the skin. The blood in this disease sometimes fails to flow in its channels, from sheer loss of its flowing quality by reason of the draining off of its water. But here the water is put partially lost from the blood, and so from the organs. The shrinking from a total loss of it would be vastly greater than what is ever witnessed in the cholera. You can have some idea of its amount by letting a bit of meat dry up in the sun.

Water distends every part of the system, rounding out the organs, giving them pliability, and lubricating every surface of all cavities, large and small. When a limb becomes dropsical, it is from the undue accumulation of water in the minute cells or cavities of that universal packing material of the body called the cellular membrane.

Water never stagnates in the system. Here, as everywhere else, it is ever in motion. It is constantly coming into the system, and as constantly goes out. The flow from the skin which we actually see in perspiration is but a small portion of that which comes from this large organ. In the insensible perspiration which is so continually going on, water is breathed out, as we may say, from the pores of the skin in large quantities. It is discharged also by the lungs and the kidneys.

The supply comes from our food and our drink. In our solid food there is much water. There is much in all our meats. It constitutes three-fourths of one of our most solid vegetables, the potato, and very nearly half of the bread we eat, even when it is stale. We do not need, therefore, to drink very largely of water to secure a due supply to the system.

As water plays so important a part, not only as a diluent and as a common carrier, but as entering into the very composition of the body, mingling everywhere intimately with the solid components, and incorporated with them, and yet ever changing, how essential it is to health that it should not be the medium of the introduction of poisonous materials. That it is often such a medium, there occasionally appear facts to show in the most decisive manner. One of the most familiar examples is in the poisoning by lead. While the painter is poisoned by its introduction by the lungs or the skin, in the case of others it is often introduced into the stomach dissolved in water or other liquids. It is not the metallic leads itself that does the mischief, but a soluble compound of it produced by the chemical action of something in the liquid. The water in one locality may be of such a character as to produce this action, while in another it is not; so that whenever the question of using of lead pipes for the conduction of water is entertained, the decision should be based upon an actual chemical examination of the influence of the water upon lead; and if in any case there be an addition of water from any new source to that already supplied through lead pipes, there should be a new application of the chemical test. And we would farther say that the examination should be a thorough one; for a very minute amount of lead introduced daily for a long time into the system may produce disastrous results.

Some recent investigations in regard to cholera have shown a marked connection between the diffusion of this disease and the character of the water used for drinking and for cooking purposes. Facts have been collected, for example, in relation to different localities in London and its vicinity, showing that the more impure is the water, the more severe is the disease, and the greater is the number of the victims.

In some localities the water always occasions a decided derangement of the digestive organs in persons newly come to them. The inference is a clear one—that such water must be somewhat injurious to those who are accustomed to its use. The fact that they experience no palpable harm by no means proves that they suffer no harm at all. Water that is really good will produce no evil effects upon any one. It needs no accommodation to be effected in relation to it on the part of the system; and where such an accommodation is required, there is need either of applying some corrective or of obtaining some other supply. A poor expedient is it to resort to alcoholic drinks for relief. It may answer a good purpose temporarily as a remedy, but to use it habitually as a substitute, is only putting one poison in the place of another. The only rational mode of relief is in the alternative indicated.

The cases that we have alluded to are palpable ones; but they give us reason to infer that there is much harm done in an insensible way by impure water. Indeed this unperceived injury is undoubtedly much greater in the aggregate than that which is manifestly done. It affects a much larger number, slowly and secretly undermining the health, co-operating with other causes, and often kept from view by them. We have seen all this occasionally exemplified in lead-poisoning. Cases have every now and then appeared in which the symptoms were very equivocal in their character, but were after a while traced quite distinctly to the slow introduction of lead as their chief source. Then other cases of a less clear character have occurred, which have led to a well-founded suspicion that the evil is wide-spread, and that ailments which have been attributed to other causes have come, in part at least, from lead.

The same is true to some extent of other impurities, mineral, vegetable and animal, that are often contained in water. And the whole subject needs to be more carefully considered than it usually is in making our arrangements for supplying our dwellings with water for drinking and for cooking purposes.

We shall recur to this subject again, in relation to the sources of impurity in water, and the proper means of guarding against them.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE COMMON PEOPLE.—No statesman can afford to omit the common people from his calculation. They are the very root and core of society. Kings are only the blossomings of the national tree. The roof is more dependent upon the foundation than the foundation upon the roof. Nearly all, if not quite all, the movements which have changed the thinking, and determined the new courses of the world, have been upward, not downward. The great revolutionists have generally been cradled in mangers, and gone through rough discipline in early life. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles; and unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world. This is God's plan of uniting all classes of the family of man.—*Ecce Deus.*

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Lost of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold thy sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves!

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A DAY-DAWN VIEW OF A RAILROAD CAR.

NIGHT passengers will appreciate the following admirable sketch of the interior of a car at daybreak:

"Long before we hear the roar of wheels we see the glimpse of a glowing light. Brighter and broader it opens, like the Cyclopean unwinking eye—it is the light head of the train. Then the steady jar, then the mingled clank as of a thousand sinking chains, and the cars are here. 'All aboard,' and 'all right' follow each other in quick succession, and we are breathing the close and heavy air of a crowded dormitory. The car lamps have gone out disgusted, the little wakefulness of the sleepers has subsided, and the dim snoring outline of cloaks and shawls, and frightened-looking heads flocked here and there like a troubled sea, with white, compose the landscape; while over all, like pendulums, swing pletheric carpet bags to and fro; and little satchels, brisk as mantle-clocks; and bonnets, made of nothing, dance up and down like blossoms in a rain, all timed to the motion of the train.

"But the dim gray turns to an old-rayed white, and the breathing bundles begin to stir; out of an egg-shaped package is hatched a woman, with looks disheveled, like Venus from the sea. A throe or two, and a rougher form emerges from cloak and shawl, and shakes itself awake. A shapeless heap turns out a man, bearded like a pard. A pair of boots, thrust out like bowsprits, goes out of sight as the owner comes in view. One is soothing an irritated hat with gentle touches of his elbow; another pulling at his wilted collar. Disordered tresses are smoothed with hasty touches of the hand, and crumpled sleeves persuaded into shape. One lady has learned her lesson from Grimalkin, and makes her toilet precisely like a cat.

"The cold, clear light of early morn is always trying to human beauty; there are no tints to be borrowed, no softening shades to be worn; a plain, cold stare that looks one out of countenance. But in a railroad train the ordeal is appalling. If a face ever looks faded, it is then; wrinkles are read, like a sign-board, afar off. If there be discontent in the heart, it comes in the mouth; and everybody looks like people after a masquerade, or Richard after he became 'himself again.'"

LONGFELLOW AND THE BLACKING-MAKER.—Some one of the Bohemian letter-writers gives us this story of Longfellow: "He was staying a few years ago down at Newport shut up in seclusion, deeply intent on the production of some poetical work. A man demanded admittance, but was refused by the servant. He was importunate, and Longfellow was consulted, and admittance again denied. At last the man broke through all obstructions and burst into the poet's study. Said he, heedless of the poet's frown, 'Mr. Longfellow, you must excuse my interruption, but I have business that is of more importance to you even than me, and I have come down from Boston on purpose to see you. You know those English blacking fellows—Warren, and them others—kept a poet, and their blacking went off because of their verses. Now I am in the blacking business, and I thought if we were to go partners, you could make the rhymes and I the blacking, and we could divide and make a good thing of it. You see you would have the best end of the thing—' 'Put him out! Put him out!' shrieked Longfellow, in an excess of indignation and astonishment, and the indiscreet blacking-maker left the room with greater speed than he had anticipated for the sale of his blacking."

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required; and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expenses necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing two sovereigns in his hand, said: "I give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge." "How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer. "Not more ash von pound," replied the Dutchman. "Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the sovereigns, and giving him the other; "take this, and go get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take." "Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better as to quarrel mit Han:" but as he went home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

THE GREAT HEIDELBERG CASK.—One of the curiosities of the castle is the great Heidelberg wine cask, which was built here a little more than a century ago, and was intended perhaps as a symbol of the drinking capabilities of the Germans. It is about thirty-two feet long and measures twenty-four feet in diameter, and has quite an extensive dancing floor upon its top. It reaches entirely through a good-sized cellar, but aside from its magnitude looks very much like any other well-made barrel. It lies upon its side supported by a heavy framework, with everything ready to draw. Authorities with which we are acquainted do not state how many times it has ever been filled, only that the last time was previous to 1769. We think our own investigation will warrant us in making the statement that it has been emptied just as many times as it has been filled.—*N. Y. Evening Gazette.*

SCULPTOR'S MARBLE AT HOME.—The Boston *Journal* says that the object which has induced our artists to go abroad is the superiority of the foreign marble. In the Western part of Massachusetts a quarry of marble has recently been opened which for whiteness and quality is said to be unsurpassed. Workmen in Boston speak of it as quite equal to foreign marble for purposes of sculpture.

AMONG other marvels to be sent to the Paris Exhibition, Switzerland is about to forward the famous reliquaries given by Charlemagne to the Abbey of St. Maurice (Valais). One of them is a large onyx vase, with mythological figures in relief; the other, formed of the precious metals and Arabic enamels, is, according to tradition, a present formerly made to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.

AN ASTONISHED OLD LADY.—An old lady whose home is in the country, and who hadn't been in Cincinnatti for several years, came in the other day to do some trading, her principal business being one of the few events in her life, the purchase of a new bonnet. She hadn't had a new bonnet since she was in Cincinnati the last time, and that was about seven years ago; nor had she seen any of the new fangled contrivances—"trifles light as air"—which the women wear now-a-days in the place of bonnets. As a new bonnet was the engrossing theme in her mind on entering the city, of course she was on the alert at once to see what the fashion was. Imagine her consternation, then, in standing in Fourth street, watching the people as they passed by. For a time she was perfectly speechless, and then she was observed to throw up her hands and exclaim:

"For the land's sake! are the wimmin all crazy, gadding through the streets with nothin' on their blessed heads? What's become of all their bonnits?"

She went into a millinery store, and accosted a "gentlemanly and obliging" young lady in attendance.

"You see, I cum in all the way from Clarmount county to buy a bonnit. I've worn this one goin' on eight years. It's one that's rite in style. I didn't know what the wimmin was wearin,' so I stood out here a blessed hour to see 'em pass, and I hope never to see my old man agin if I saw one with a bonnit on during that time! Some had a doll's handkerchief laid on the top of the head; others had what looked for all the world like oyster patties trimmed with blow-glass, and I declare to goodness if one woman, with a big rutabaga turnip on the back of her head in a fly net, wore any coverin' ceptin' a *yeller circus ticket tied on with a ribbon!*"

When informed that the styles she had seen were the latest thing in the bonnet line, the old lady's astonishment increased, and she was thoroughly bewildered by the time she had examined each of the varieties embraced in the milliner's collection, particularly when she learned the accompaying prices. She looked at her old bonnet which had been preserved so carefully during the changing fashions of seven years, and compared it with the fashion of to-day, when the old lady fairly wept. She declared it was enough to drive one crazy to see such vanities as women are now-a-days. "It wan't so when I was a gal," said she. "Women wore bunnits in them days that kivered their heads, and tied 'em under the chin instid of fast'n 'em to the back hair."

She left in great disgust, and said she would go right back to Clairmount, and wear her old bonnet till milliners got to making bonnets again.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

* * * * * * *

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss;
And gently drawn in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

* * * * * * *

JOHN MILTON A LEXICOGRAPHER.—The "Table Talk" of the *Guardian* makes reference to a curious fact: "It may be interesting to our university readers to know that Milton was not only a poet, but a lexicographer, and that he made some contributions to the Latin Dictionary of Ainsworth. It appears that the compilers of the Cambridge Dictionary, published in 1693, made use of a MS. collection in three large folios, made by 'Mr. John Milton,' out of the best and purest Roman authors. Also the fourth edition of Dr. Adam Littleton's Latin Dictionary, published in 1703, has an acknowledgment on the title-page of its indebtness to the MS. of Milton. These two dictionaries were the immediate precursors of that of Ainsworth, which is evidently based upon them, although much improved."

PARIS IN 1825.—Gas had not yet arrived at Paris. Across the streets at the corners, and at remote intervals, were hung ropes with a lantern in the middle, giving out rays that served for little more than to make the darkness visible. The streets had no sidewalks; the gutters ran in the middle; the boulevards were unpaved; the Madeleine unfinished. With a population of about five hundred thousand, Paris was unsightly and dirty, at night gloomy and forbidding; and in the Tuilleries was enthroned Charles X., surrounded with men who undertook to rule a great people without foresight, who had not enough discourse of reason to look before or after, could not even see what the past was or the future might be, and would make of the present a cushion to loll on.—*G. H. Calvert.*

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

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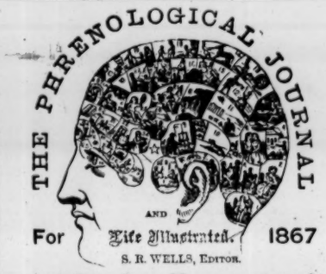

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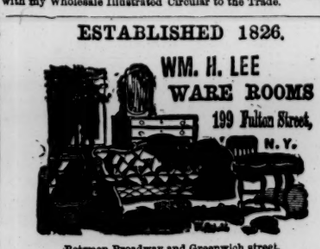

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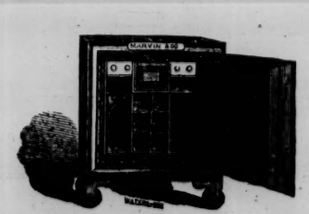

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*** All communications are to be addressed to the Editor, and all correspondence relating to the business of the Magazine to the undersigned. ADAMS & CO., Publishers, 11 Bromfield street, Boston.

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